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ON THE EVE OF THE CONVENTION Mr. McAdoo violently assails the New York press and our "invisible government" and gives voice to admirable and glittering generalities as to the misgovernment of the United States—the kind of harmless but effective pap politicians are supposed to give to voters on all occasions. But when you ask what are his precise views as to Europe, as to government ownership of railroads, as to the Klan, as to prohibition, and everything else that really counts, why, he and "Al" Smith are twins in their eager avoidance of the concrete and clearcut. "We must play our part in Europe and we must enforce all the laws." Yes, but are you *for* prohibition or against it? Are you afraid to say you are for the Klan? Yes, *Klan*—we do not mean that vague thing "law and order." Governor "Pat" Neff of Texas at least can hit a nail on the head. At the very moment when Mr. McAdoo was assuring a crowd: "I love California, and I love Idaho, Utah, Oregon, and South Dakota"—and similar stuff *ad nauseam*, Governor Neff put the issue as to the two leading candidates concisely enough when he said: "Smith is too wet. McAdoo is too oily." So the convention is bound to be as to candidates a fine, open battle, tending to a compromise agreement by exhaustion upon some man whom the American people would never in the world of their own free choice pick for the Presidency.

HENRIK SHIPSTEAD of Minnesota has just completed another stage in the financial education of Andrew W. Mellon of Pittsburgh. Mr. Mellon has a way of telling Congress and the country just what is what in financial matters and of being very indignant if they do not accept his word as if it were a tablet from Sinai. His reckonings, however, have a deplorable habit of being wrong. Treasury surpluses have repeatedly contradicted his gloomy predictions. When, on February 1, Senator Shipstead denounced the high interest rates on government securities, declaring that they were at least one per cent too high, causing a loss to the American people of more than a billion dollars a year, Secretary Mellon replied with heat that he set the rate as the market demanded, and that it was nonsense to imply that the government rate or the federal-reserve discount rates could determine the market. The Senator returned to the charge on May 17; and the latest government offering was made at 2¾ per cent—as compared with a minimum of 4 per cent throughout 1923. Secretary Mellon had declared that the public would not have accepted a lower rate. But when he offered $150,000,000 at 2¾ per cent the subscriptions totaled more than $600,000,000! The reduced rate of interest on that loan alone will save more than a million dollars a year, and Senator Shipstead deserves the credit for forcing a reluctant Mr. Mellon to save it.

Carnegie Franca

MACDONALD AND HERRIOT met at Chequers, and they liked each other. Where two die-hard premiers never met without suspicion and national jealousy these two liberals were able to speak without reserve, and apparently agreement was not difficult. Their actual decisions amount to little—they have agreed to invite Italy to a conference in July upon the application of the Dawes Report—but they have created an atmosphere which should mean much. They might better have invited Germany to the July conference, instead of perpetuating the old method of meeting as Allies before presenting a completed program to the Central Powers. But the spirit matters more than the form. If the correspondents are right that Herriot has agreed to evacuate the Ruhr as soon as the Germans begin to apply the Dawes recommendations, and that England will support the desire of Germany to be admitted to the League Council on the same terms as the major Allies, then indeed Europe is making progress.

THE COUNCIL OF THE LEAGUE of Nations has met in its twenty-ninth session, passed resolutions, received reports, and adjourned. It continues to display patience, hard work, and hopefulness. The League's own suggestions relative to disarmament having failed, discussion this time centered around an American plan, which may, perhaps, become the foster child of the League of Nations. Austria's request to be released from further League control in view of her prosperity during the past year was refused by the Council, but a commission will be sent to investigate her finances. The Russian refugee problem was turned over to the International Labor Office, as it is now

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more a question of finding employment than of politics. "Steps were taken" to advance Mr. Morgenthau's land settlement plan, which would care for a million Greek refugees. Further investigation of slavery, traffic in women and children, and opium was provided for. In the health field plans for a League of Nations intelligence bureau in Singapore for combating epidemics in the East were announced. Action on the German protest about conditions in the Sarre was postponed until August.

THAT AMERICAN PLAN FOR DISARMAMENT and the outlawry of war is one of the brightest peace rifts in the armament clouds. The Council of the League of Nations at once voted to distribute the draft to the governments concerned. Through its Permanent Commission of government representatives and its Temporary Mixed Commission of experts the League has been trying vainly to settle upon a disarmament plan. England, France, and Japan held back even from agreement not to exceed the annual military expenditures provided for in their present budgets. We hardly need add that the American plan is not "official." Professor J. T. Shotwell of Columbia and General Tasker H. Bliss with eight others worked it out. Whatever else it is or is not, it is a real challenge of our desire for peace. It subtracts not one jot from our sovereignty, but defines channels through which peace efforts may flow. It does not require membership in the League of Nations, although it does utilize the World Court.

BEGINNING WITH THE SOLEMN declaration that "aggressive war is an international crime," the proposed treaty proceeds to define aggression:

> In the absence of a state of war measures of force by land, by sea, or in the air taken by one state against another and not taken for purposes of defense or for the protection of human life shall be deemed to be acts of aggression. Any signatory which claims that another signatory has violated any of the terms of this treaty shall submit its case to the Permanent Court of International Justice. A signatory refusing to accept the jurisdiction of the court in any such case shall be deemed an aggressor within the terms of this treaty.

This provides as effective a definition of international aggression as we have seen, and the absolute statement that aggressive war is a crime should go far to interest those who have looked to the outlawry of war as the first step toward disarmament and world peace. When a state is adjudged the aggressor, this plan suggests that

> All commercial, trade, financial, and property interests of the aggressor and of its nationals shall cease to be entitled, either in the territories of the other signatories or on the high seas, to any privileges, protection, rights, or immunities accorded by either international law, national law, or treaty.

The provisions for actual disarmament are vaguer, and, utilizing the machinery of the League itself, will hardly find acceptance in the United States.

ENGLAND'S LABOR GOVERNMENT has acted like any stupid Tory bully, and Mexico has behaved like an oversensitive small boy, with the result that the tenuous diplomatic relations between the two countries have been broken off. The dispute arose because of the impertinence of the British chargé d'affaires, Mr. Cummins, in writing letters to the Mexican Government instructing it in his code of ethics and informing it that "the constitution and the law of Mexico forbid the course taken by the Government" in turning over the landed estates of a certain Mrs. Evans to Mexican peons. Possibly he was right; we do not know the facts. Certainly Mr. Cummins's language was outrageously undiplomatic and we cannot understand Ramsay MacDonald's inability to see anything "objectionable" in it. If any diplomat used such language to the British Government his departure by the next boat would be certain. It is only because Mexico is small and weak that the unwanted Mr. Cummins has been retained in Mexico. The Obregon Government long ago informed London that he was *persona non grata*. When no action was taken it ordered him to leave. He stayed, and it adopted the unusual course of blockading the embassy; and it refused to modify its decree of expulsion as was requested. The old diplomatic banners were unfurled; both countries felt that their "national prestige" was at stake. It is disgraceful that two labor governments should set such an example of pettiness.

GENERAL SMUTS has lost his office and his seat and most of his party. All he appears to have left, as the final returns from the South African election come in, is a part of the old Unionist Party in the Cape and a scattering of South African Party Dutch members in the Transvaal, the Cape, and Natal. The Transvaal went against him in an astonishingly complete reversal of allegiance, and the Rand, which bitterly resented the Government's methods in putting down the "revolution" in the mines two years ago, voted almost solidly for Labor candidates. So Smuts, on a variety of local and personal issues, is gone; but what has come to take his place? A Nationalist-Labor coalition, an unstable compound of dissimilar elements, with no positive policy worth mentioning. The Nationalists gave up their chief issue—republicanism and secession—to win Labor's support; Labor will have to forget its economic hopes. They agree perhaps on one issue: keeping the colored majority in its place, and keeping that place a low one. The two parties have no economic interests in common; no international policy or attitude to the Empire to unite them. The result of the election is merely an expression of a variety of legitimate discontents; it leaves South Africa's future more than ever uncertain.

THE RIDICULOUS ATTEMPT which originated in the War Department to depict the leading women's organizations of the country as propagandists of Russian communism is still working mischief, although repudiated three months ago by Secretary Weeks. Acting on instructions from Mr. Weeks, General Amos A. Fries, head of the Chemical Warfare Service, wrote to persons to whom the notorious "spider-web chart" had been sent, asking them to destroy it. Naturally, however, this gave it an added value to most of its possessors, while the woman librarian of the Chemical Warfare Service, who prepared the chart, declares that it is her personal property and she intends to continue its circulation unofficially. Meanwhile it has been given wide publicity. Without any evidence whatever, it lists the Women's Joint Congressional Committee and the National Council for Prevention of War as the main arteries of bolshevism, connecting with them such organizations as the National League of Women Voters, the National Federation of Women's Clubs, the Women's Christian Temperance

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Union, the National Consumers' League, the Young Women's Christian Association, and even the Daughters of the American Revolution! This is another revelation of the extent to which our administrative departments have abandoned administration to take up propaganda and log-rolling.

ONE OF THE DIFFICULTIES that a nation encounters when it tries to administer its outlying territory through officers of the army or navy is that as officers of the army or navy these men have no right to take part in national politics, but as colonial governors they are more or less inevitably drawn into them. We told in our issue of May 7 how Governor Philip Williams of the Virgin Islands, who is a captain of the navy, was propagandizing against the bill in Congress to give civil government to the natives. Later the two Colonial Councils of the islands came out against the measure. This was to be expected, since the Colonial Councils are a survival of early Danish rule, and are elected on a property franchise for which only about one in twenty-five of the natives can qualify. Captain-Governor Williams, also on the side of aristocracy and privilege, at once sent the resolutions of the Colonial Councils to Washington by the naval radio station. Then a large mass meeting of the natives was held. Resolutions in favor of the bill were passed, and Captain-Governor Williams was asked to transmit them also by radio. He replied: "I consider that the naval radio station here should not be utilized for this matter, and I have therefore forwarded it by mail." First or second class, we wonder?

BECAUSE SHE STOOD HIGHER than any other student Hilda Borden, a Negro, was named valedictorian of the graduating class of the Darby High School in Pennsylvania. Because she was named valedictorian, thirty-one other students—about half of the class—refused to attend commencement. They did not give as a reason that Hilda Borden was a Negro; they said that other than scholastic qualifications should have been considered in choosing the commencement orator and that no adequate notice was given of the basis of selection. But a majority of the student body, the whole faculty, members of the school board, and the principal had this to say in answer:

> Announcement was made to the entire school at the beginning of the year that athletic activities and such things would not count. In the second place, even were the standings so calculated, Hilda Borden would still win, because throughout her school life she has taken part in every school activity but athletics. She didn't take part in that because the students themselves wouldn't let her.

And Polly Baccini, who stood second in the class and was the only possible contestant for the honor, attended the exercises and characterized the "strikers" as poor sports. The action of these embryo Klansmen was vicious and cruel, and they probably succeeded in turning Hilda Borden's happy pride into bitterness and resentment. But the incident gave encouraging evidence of how swiftly a reaction toward generosity and decency often follows such an exhibition of intolerance.

JUDGE GARY is a frank, unashamed sort of despot. He weeps no crocodile tears; he has no benevolence and he pretends to none. Henry Ford is known as widely, we are sure, for his welfare work among his employees as for the canny scheming that has made his Gargantuan profits. But we suspect Mr. Ford, none the less, of being at heart no better than the Walrus and the Carpenter, who wept—but ate them up just the same. Mr. Ford has granted his 23,000 office employees in Detroit a five-day week. He has "many times expressed the view that five days a week is enough for anyone to labor." How benevolent, and how different from the views of Mr. Gary! But observe: Mr. Ford's office employees have in the past had two weeks' vacation with pay. This year there will be no vacation; twelve weeks of five working days will cancel the two weeks of vacation. If the system is continued beyond the twelve summer weeks, the pay of the employees will thenceforth be docked for the day off. And observe further: The day which is being subtracted from the working week is Saturday. Saturday has always been a half holiday; so Mr. Ford's office employees are gaining twelve half days and losing eleven whole ones. And Mr. Ford himself is able to demonstrate a great social theory and at the same time save five days' pay on 23,000 employees. Upon the whole, we think we prefer Mr. Gary.

MRS. OR MISS—which is more honorable? In this country the vanguard of feminists insist upon the right to their own names and the prefix "Miss." They do it in the name of Lucy Stone, who never would let herself be called Mrs. Blackwell. But Lucy Stone herself, when she appeared before a congressional committee thirty years ago, was introduced by Susan B. Anthony as "Mrs. Stone." What do the Ruth Hales and Fola La Follettes say to that? Miss or Mrs. Stone evidently had the same ideas as the speaker at a recent women's congress in Finland who urged abolition of the "dishonoring designation 'Miss.'" The American moderns seem to believe that "Mrs.," with its implication of dependence upon a mere male, is more slighting. That, to be sure, is an implication born of modern days. Dr. Johnson knew that worthy maiden lady as "Mrs. Hannah More" without imputing any lack of independence to her. Does the growing tendency of married women workers to ask for jobs as "Miss," and the utter lack of any tendency among men to distinguish themselves, by title or otherwise, as wedded or unwedded have profound social significance?

FROM NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO in 21 hours 48½ minutes! And yet there are still people who disbelieve in miracles. Well, we take off our hats to Lieutenant Russell L. Maughan. The man who crossed the continent between dawn and dusk showed amazing skill, endurance, and courage, besides demonstrating the value of long and careful preparation. We are glad he did it and, with all our internationalism, are proud that he is an American, just as we take the greatest pride in his three comrades of the army air service who are doggedly flying around the world. We are happy to think that Lieutenant Maughan has illustrated some of the finest of what we are pleased to call American characteristics—daring, initiative, resourcefulness. What Lieutenant Maughan did between sunrise and sunset reminds us that Lewis and Clark, who first crossed this Continent, were two years and four months in reaching the Pacific and six months in returning to St. Louis. Years hereafter, when a daily flight to San Francisco becomes a matter of course, Lieutenant Maughan's name will be remembered with gratitude and honor. May he fly as long as he wishes to and always with equal success!

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Cleveland, Wilson, —— ?

ONCE more the Democratic Party faces a great opportunity. Once more the prospects are that it will throw it away. Twice in forty years it has risen to the need of an hour by the choice of an outstanding personality who in one case led it by sheer force of a rugged personal character, in the other by voicing an idealism which party and leader were destined never to fulfil. It is not on any advanced or original program that the party is making its appeal at this hour. Enthusiasts have not been working months and years in advance of this quadrennial meeting to set up a list of constructive reforms to which the party should be pledged. True, the daily prints report a political testament of Woodrow Wilson which is said to have been witnessed by a group of the faithful, but the very fact that it is the heritage of one no longer in the flesh will deprive it of force. As at Cleveland the program-making will ostensibly be left to a resolutions committee. If it really functions as such, the briefness of the hours at its disposal and the necessity of bringing about an agreement among a group of timid politicians will result in the usual weasel-worded platform made to escheat or to deceive, to rouse hopes never intended to be answered.

No, the interest in the Madison Square Convention relates in no wise to policies or principles or reforms. Least of all do the delegates care about these things—they are given no opportunity to debate anything. There is a languid interest in the question whether there shall or shall not be an attack on the Ku Klux Klan by name, and the sporting fraternity sees an excellent betting opportunity in the question whether there shall or shall not be mention of the once dearly beloved Democratic League of Nations. The effort is merely to give a new twist to words for partisan advantage, to be a little more or a little less outspoken about the Klan, about prohibition, the World Court, the lot of the farmer. No one thinks of carving out new issues, of occupying advanced ground, or of adopting one of Woodrow Wilson's slogans, such as "Take the Government out of Wall Street," and building the platform around that. It is as if an effort were being made to confirm the assertions of critics like *The Nation* that there is no essential difference today between Republicans and Democrats, that there is no earthly reason why an American citizen should vote for one party rather than another unless it be such a motive as leads a man to choose between two brands of cigarettes or two varieties of chewing gum.

Once more all is staked on a candidate. There is one man with whom this might be done with considerable success—John W. Davis—provided that the politicians were brave enough to grapple with the fact that he has been a member of a law firm which has served as counsel for the House of Morgan. We are not of those reformers who believe that association with such a firm necessarily stamps a lawyer as a tool of the "interests," any more than taking briefs for criminals disqualifies a criminal lawyer from high public office. Mr. Davis has admirably spoken out on this matter; we are of the opinion that if he were otherwise of the right caliber he could speedily give convincing proofs of his independence. We have not forgotten how the Republicans confidently counted upon destroying the candidacy of Grover Cleveland in 1884 by producing proof that he was the father of an illegitimate child. As it turned out, Mr. Cleveland admitted the fact in honest and straightforward fashion, and the campaign moved on to other issues; the honesty and compelling power of Mr. Cleveland carried him to victory. In Mr. Davis the party has had a man of brilliant mental powers—his legal attainments are little less than extraordinary—and his is a personality which would speedily throw into the shade so colorless and insignificant a candidate as Coolidge. He has presence, dignity, force; he is in the best sense a gentleman. In Mr. Davis the party might put its best foot forward.

Yet we are by no means sure that Mr. Davis combines in himself ideal leadership or any genuine liberalism. His relation with the House of Morgan is only a symptom of his close affiliation with the predominating business tendencies of the day. During his brief service in Congress there were some highly creditable votes recorded upon his balance-sheet, yet he has given no evidence of burning indignation at the betrayal of the people which we have witnessed. He has been a thick-and-thin supporter of the Wilson war policies, the League of Nations, and all the rest, and the Democratic situation calls not for the nomination of Mr. Wilson's Solicitor General and Ambassador to London, nor, Heaven forbid!, of that petty little betrayer of liberalism and of peace, his Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, but of a man free from any affiliation with the war-time policies and administration.

What America needs today is less than ever a mere rallying around a personality; it is clear-cut thinking on issues. To beseech us to keep cool with Coolidge and to be safe and sane with "Cal" is merely to ask us to abdicate our mental powers. To urge us to vote Democratic merely because a convention chooses a Davis or a Baker, or a McAdoo or a Glass moves us little. True, there is no foundation better than as rugged a character as Grover Cleveland's, but with character must go issues and principles. The strength of the Brights and Cobdens and Clevelands, Campbell-Bannermans and Ramsay MacDonalds is alike due to their unquestionable honesty and their being rooted in principle. Grover Cleveland rose to the highest level when in 1886 the politicians told him that to appeal for tariff reform would spell his certain defeat in 1888. "Very well, gentlemen," he replied, "then we shall go down to defeat." So he did, only to rise triumphant in 1892. Woodrow Wilson had vision and idealism; but he was never so rooted in principle that he could not abandon it to achieve a victory here or there, hence the disaster which overtook him. The need of today is a four-square man as to whose sincerity there can be no question, who shall have given proof that he is ready to pay any price for his beliefs and that he is unselfishly devoted to the public interest.

Such a man is today to be found in neither Republican nor Democratic camps, for Robert La Follette has already left the former. The hypocrisy, the deceit, the base falsity of the war policy has avenged itself upon Republicans and Democrats alike. It has blasted their leadership and deprived them of new and able accessions to that leadership. It has wiped out the distinctions between the two parties, as it virtually wiped out the distinction between Conservatives and Liberals in Great Britain, and opened the way for

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the new party there. It has opened the way for a regrouping here; it has given us the hope of a new party which, though political government totters everywhere, would give us the opportunity of trying once more to right evils and inequalities in the political way. It is for American liberals to say if and how this shall be done.

Mussolini and the Klan

AFTER a long career of crime and obscenity, in the course of which they introduced the world to the pleasant custom of enforced doses of castor oil, wholesale, the Fascisti have been caught red-handed in a major murder which seems to have threatened the entire Mussolini regime. It is a little difficult to understand just why the disappearance of Deputy Matteotti should so shake all Italy; surely murder is no new trick for the black-shirted heroes. They have boasted of the radicals whom they have beaten up, of the workmen's halls which they have burned, of the dictatorship which they have established, in the words of their own chief, upon "the rotten corpse of Liberty." It is difficult also to understand why one murder more or less should so depress the American priests of Fascism; surely they have been under no illusions as to what Mussolini meant by "law and order." Yet there is hesitation on the part of such admirers of Fascist dictatorship as the editor of the New York *Herald-Tribune*.

> Signor Mussolini [he writes] appears to be involved in one of the inescapable penalties of the Napoleonic method. . . . The post-war period left the world in a difficult quandary as to the value of the representative system, and when Mussolini rescued Italy from anarchy by rescuing her from her parliamentary politicians the brilliance of his success obscured the dangers in the method. Since then the parliaments have lost rather than gained in dignity, and our own legislators have left some people asking whether a Mussolini would not be a valuable addition to Capitol Hill. . . . Efficiency has its drawbacks as well as democracy, and it is necessary to strike the working balance.

Such talk as this is vastly more significant and sinister than appears on the surface. Italian Fascism is a defiance of the routine forms of law and order in the effort to obtain the kind of "law" and the kind of "order" which its proponents desire. Instead of working through constitutional methods and attempting to improve them, it glorified direct action and defied the "outworn" principles of civil liberties. The end justified any means, and Mussolini and his friends were alone judges of the end. With its symbols recalling the stern days of the Roman Republic, it appealed to many Americans who were revolted by the modern mummery of the Ku Klux Klan. Yet Fascism and the Klan were one at heart. The Klan also preaches patriotism; it waves the flag; it commits its worst crimes in the name of law and order. It is, in its expressions, as 100 per cent American as Mussolini's cohorts were 100 per cent Italian. Palmer as Attorney General, ignoring the law and the Constitution while persecuting the Reds; Hitler and Ludendorff plotting their own brand of monarchy in Germany; Horthy conducting a white terror in Hungary; Mussolini in Italy; the Klan in Herrin, Illinois; the *Herald-Tribune* talking about a "working balance" between efficiency and democracy—all represent the same impatient attempt to curtain a contempt for the slow processes of democratic government with fine words and patriotic phrases.

For a time these pseudo-patriots pass muster, but in the long run they fall. Mussolini may weather the present crisis, although it has revealed corruption as well as murder on the part of several of his subordinates; but in the end his despotism will meet the fate of all despotisms. The Klan is still with us, but in the South, where it began its career of money-making and of violence, it is already losing ground. The records of its membership, recently revealed through the energy of the New York *World*, show that it depends upon new members for two-thirds of its strength. At present Ohio and Indiana are its best recruiting-ground, but its members do not stick. One year is enough. Sooner or later the essential futility of an attempt to remedy the evils of our national life by secret mummery and extra-legal flummery becomes plain. People tire of dramatic shows, whether the actors wear black shirts or shroud themselves in sheets, and any secret organization tends to become a gathering-point for all sorts of ruffians and hangers-on who finally discredit the entire group.

There are, as the *Herald-Tribune* suggests, people in America who are so disgusted with our legislators—particularly when they uncover corruption—that they long for a Mussolini on Capitol Hill. Business, still in the middle ages of autocracy, always has a hankering for the despot in politics. It clings to the strong-man theory of government. Those who have been successful in making money have a tendency to believe that their success proves that they know more than other people about the proper policies for a nation. Judge Gary and other leaders of big business visited Italy and came home enamored of Mussolini's methods; they were blind to his excesses and failed to foresee his present difficulties. They could not learn the ancient lesson which mankind has slowly been absorbing through the centuries. A skilful despot may give an outward appearance of efficiency for a time, but in the end he leaves worse ruin behind him. The broader the base of government, the surer its results. Democracy works poorly enough, but there is no substitute for it.

Butterscotch Pie?

WHEN Lloyd George was in New York City he asked the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel to serve him a typical American dinner. The poor man didn't seem to realize that when in New York he was beyond America's three-mile limit, nor that the typical meal of the metropolis is gulped off a quick-lunch counter or hastily assembled at home from the family ice-box and the delicatessen store around the corner. What Lloyd George got was an eyeful, if not a mouthful. The hotel set before him bluepoints, sorrel soup, mousse of sole with oyster-crab sauce, potatoes parisienne, breast of chicken, new lima beans, Waldorf salad, ice cream, cakes, and coffee.

The thought of this as a "typical American" dinner roused us to a cry of outraged patriotism, and, as readers will recall, we induced gastro-literary experts in various sections of the country to explain what those regions would have set before Lloyd George. Evidently the members of the United Restaurant Owners' Association of New York City have been regretting their shortcomings and studying the menus of our experts, for announcement was made on

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the eve of the Democratic Convention of arrangements to serve dishes typical of the various sections of the United States to such delegates and visitors as might want them. Said the president of the United Restaurant Owners:

> For the delegates from the Southeastern States there will be fried chicken, Virginia ham, and old-fashioned Southern waffles. For the delegates from Louisiana and the nearby States there will be Creole dishes. For the Southwesterners there will be Mexican specialties such as hot tamales and chili con carne. The Far Westerners will get broiled squab, boiled turkey with celery sauce, boiled onions, steamed sweet potatoes, and butterscotch pie. There will be wiener schnitzel with paprika sauce, parsley potatoes, and egg noodles for those from the Middle States and Northwest.

Those menus all sound good to us, though we confess never to have tackled butterscotch pie. Just the same, we are for it. Like Jurgen, who would try any drink once, we are willing to sample anything called pie to the extent, at least, of half of it. No patriotic American could do less. But we say advisedly that those menus "sound" good to us, for we have dark suspicions of how they might taste. In the first place, New York City—which lives off products that come out of cold-storage warehouses or tin cans—hasn't the materials for these exotic specialties of the provinces. And, more important, it hasn't the cooks. The newspaper from which we get the plans of the metropolitan restaurateurs says hopefully: "In some cases experts in American food have been called in to give instruction to French and Italian chefs."

Wow! The very thought makes us writhe in the pit of the stomach. Excepting the New England grandmother and the Southern mammy (who are the culinary queens of the universe) there are probably no better cooks than the French and Italians. But you must let each stick to his last. We will back a real French chef against the world when it comes to *soupe à l'oignon* or a *vol-au-vent*, and when we hanker after *spaghetti al sugo* or *zabaione* we want none but an Italian to prepare it. On the other hand, the saddest moments of life have been those occasions when some delightful host in France has for our special benefit made an "apple pie," or when the proprietor of an Italian *pensione* has approached, all smiles, to say that he is going to cook some griddle cakes after a recipe left by an "American lady."

No, we have no faith in cookery that is taught to French and Italian chefs by "experts in American food." The experts in American food are too busy cooking—or eating—it to turn teachers. And anyhow it would be useless. Cooks—even more than poets—are born, not made. They learn out of no books; they give no recipes. It is a "dash" of this and a "suggestion" of that; "just enough" sugar and "not too much" cinnamon. It took years of pious puritanism to produce the perfect mince pie; generations of Southern culture went into the evolution of hot bread. Our great cooking is not so much a conscious art as it is a tradition, an inheritance, a consecration, a dispensation of the gods.

We thank the restaurateurs of New York City for their consideration. But we advise visitors from South Carolina to eat their "old-fashioned Southern waffles" at home; nor will our craving to learn the joys of butterscotch pie induce us to try even half of one in the second-story chop-suey parlor of On Chung Liang.

The Journalist as Prime Minister

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD has amply justified, on the score of personal competence, his appointment as Prime Minister of Great Britain. However opinions may differ as to his policies, no one doubts today that he is *capax imperii*. It is significant that he is a journalist by profession whose ability is now so generally recognized. When he first came to London Mr. MacDonald earned his living for several years as a free-lance writer, and until he became leader of the Opposition he was a regular and diligent contributor to the periodical press, including *The Nation*. Prime ministers before have added to the literature of philosophy or the Homeric problem—to say nothing of Disraeli's novels. But as writers for the press, they were amateurs; he is a professional.

When Mr. MacDonald walked into No. 10 Downing Street, a business man walked out. Mr. Baldwin's immediate predecessor, Bonar Law, had also spent a large part of his career in commercial pursuits. A few years ago there was a demand in England—as elsewhere—for business men in public office. They would be more "practical," it was supposed, than the type of man usually chosen to direct the affairs of state. Experiments with them have not, however, been conspicuously successful. To run a government something more is needed than ability to organize the work of a department. There is required, among other things, a certain power of mental initiative, approaching almost to inspiration. A prime minister should have a keen appreciation of the life and needs of the multitude, personal contacts with all sorts and conditions of men, and a sympathetic imagination.

A prosperous business man is likely to be as deficient in these qualifications as any representative of the old territorial aristocracy. The head of a flourishing industrial or commercial concern lives in another world from that of the struggling professional man, or the salaried clerk, or the small storekeeper, or the manual laborer. Stanley Baldwin came to grief at the last British election through his failure to realize the difference that a small rise in the price of everyday household commodities would make to a multitude of families that are normally separated from "hard times" by only a narrow margin. His Government was brought down by a revolt of those householders and housewives to whom a sixpenny bit means as much as a five-pound note to a wealthy ironmaster. It is, perhaps, more than a coincidence that it was the protectionist propaganda of a prosperous representative of a kindred industry, Joseph Chamberlain, that doomed the Balfour Government to defeat in 1906.

A journalist premier would not have made Mr. Baldwin's mistake. Even if he had not, like Ramsay MacDonald, felt the pinch of poverty in his own early days, his professional experiences would have brought him more or less in touch with every stratum of society. He would have known, as it were by instinct, that such an apparent trifle as a dearer Christmas pudding—a mere nothing to the city magnate or the West End clubman—would be resented in thousands of homes and would count for something at a December election. The occupation of a journalist, with its infinite variety of personal contacts and its opportunities of close observation, is no bad training for an office that is incompatible with limited sympathies and a narrow outlook.

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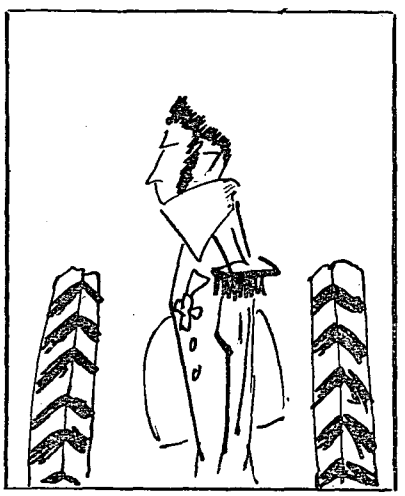
Us Poor Liberals

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

OF course I am quoting from memory. I tried to find a copy of Fritz Reuter's Collected Works, but I was told that the last of these had been burned by Mr. Palmer's hangman early in 1918. The books had been denounced to the American Protective Society as the work of a well-known and dangerous revolutionist, a man who had done seven years at hard labor for wearing a bit of colored ribbon distasteful to the eyes of His Royal Majesty, the King of Prussia.



The owner of the books, therefore, had been dispatched to Leavenworth for the rest of his natural days and all customs officials had been instructed to confiscate and destroy further importations which bore the hated and reprehensible name of Stavenhagen's famous citizen.

I am therefore quoting from memory, but if I am not mistaken the story which old Fritz told was as follows:

> One day the good people of Mecklenburg decided that their country needed a new set of laws; that the structure of the state ought to be generally overhauled, and that it was time to call together a general assembly for the discussion of all questions pertaining to the government of the realm. That was in the year 30,000 B.C. when Mecklenburg was still a very backward country and did not yet possess that constitutional form of government which it obtained just four years ago, immediately after the great and glorious Teutsche Revolution.
>
> Well, to make a complicated matter still more complicated, the antediluvian Mecklenburgers met and they continued their sessions more than five moon-years. By that time the greater part of the plain between Rostock and Wismar was covered with enormous kitchen-middens. There was not an aurochs alive within a hundred miles. It was necessary that some decision be reached, lest all the tribes die of slow starvation. And so finally one resolution was passed amidst the loud din of a hundred thousand stone axes. It read: "Be it decided that everything remain as it has always been before."

And now that I come to think of it, isn't that the soundest, yea, the only basis, for a happy and stable existence? What use to rehash the adventures of those dreary days we spent within a hall at Cleveland, which, if my eyes do not deceive me, would be almost ideal for a festival of Bach or Haydn?

It was dull. New York will be dull.

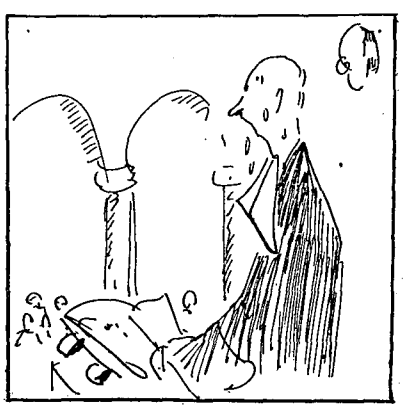
We all agreed that it was dull. We shall agree that New York is dull.

The speeches were dull. Democratic speeches will be as dull.

Old man Burton at Cleveland spoke for two hours and returned to the citadel of his eloquence through the same gate which he had left before. Young man Burton spoke for three-quarters of an hour. He was up for examination by the assembled multitude. He knew it and we knew it, and he looked and acted much as did those unfortunate "dominies" whom I remember so well from the days of my youth who came to the village of my early residence to deliver a trial sermon before the stolid school-masters and plumbers and green-grocers who ruled the destinies of the Dutch Reformed Church.

When it was over, he knew and we knew that he had failed. Even the president of a modern university cannot escape the subtle influence of certain scholarly traditions. And Burton, Jr., used good English.

The delegates laughed politely, but when the speech was over the speaker was dead. A decent respect for the grammar of the land had killed this proud Cock Robin. He will have to go back to the excavations of the Ann Arbor Construction Company (formerly the University of Michigan). The excellently comfortable vice-presidential suite of the New Willard Hotel will not know him as its tenant.



There were days (long ago) when I, together with so many others, now either dead or tired, had a vision of the great things that were to come. Mankind, awakening to its destinies, marching through the fiery forest to a new realization of its glorious possibilities.

Alas! the old Mecklenburgers, 30,000 years ago, knew better. "Everything is to remain as it has always been before."

The shambles of the fiery forest are gone. A wrecking company has carted away the last dead stump. The survivors have been sold brand-new plows and threshing-machines. They have been given a fine crop of ugly houses. A movie-theater attends to their spiritual needs. They are well enough fed, decently enough housed. They can escape from the boredom of their own company at small cost. Is there anything else? When I come to think of it, *is there anything else?*

We poor deluded liberals with visions of "man created

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after God's image, striving forever upward!"—we alone are to blame for the misconception regarding this world.

We have sung the praises of *Homo sapiens,* when we should have studied the facts about *Pithecanthropus erectus.*

These political shows are dreary and stupid performances.

Granted! But they are exactly what suits 99 per cent of our neighbors, and suits them down to the ground.

They admire the heights from the distance. They like to see others scale the dangerous rocks to experience in the pictures. They like it, because there always is a chance that the fellow will slip and break his neck, and that is wonderfully exciting. As for themselves, they will stay right here where it is warm and pleasant and where the paying-teller treats them with that respect due to an honored investor.

Not a very elevated philosophy of life.

But safe and comfortable.

You think that I exaggerate!

Just wait until November!

The Clown Show

By H. L. MENCKEN

POLITICS survives as an art and mystery because *Homo sapiens,* despite the second half of his name, is almost as incapable of learning by experience as an amoeba. The lesson of the Cleveland obscenity was, in brief, that lessons are mainly in vain. Try to translate what was done there into terms of one of the more exact sciences. A patient, having swallowed by inadvertence a horse-doctor's dose of ground glass, lay upon his couch in a state of agony and collapse. What remedial measure suggested itself to his mind, still functioning powerfully? Did he send for a battery of stomach-pumps and a carboy of some puissant emetic? He did not. Instead, he reached for the keg of ground glass, poured out precisely the same dose, tried to gulp it down by main strength, and when it stuck in his throat gave it a shove with a dreadful chaser of neat hydrochloric acid.

A drunken man in a barroom, engaged publicly upon such imbecilities, would be rushed to the psychopathic ward on wings of fire. But when men and women in their political capacity indulge in them the spectacle somehow seems natural and normal. If the Cleveland clown show differed from others of its kind it was only because its machinery was more simple and its inner organization thus more obvious. It went on, so to speak, *in vitro.* All the usual gauds and disguises—of laborious reflection, of free and fair combat, of ebullient and irresistible emotion—were lacking. What was done was done in cold blood, as coal is mined and teeth are pulled. And yet what was done was completely and magnificently idiotic. If the aim of the delegates and alternates was to serve the republic, to improve the government, to safeguard liberty and democracy, then they missed it by a mile. And if it was to prosper the so-called Republican Party, then they missed it by two miles.

It is, indeed, hard to imagine any more incompetent handling of important public business, even in a democratic State. I name names at once, and confine myself to the very first flight: Prof. Dr. Burton and the Hon. Mr. Butler. Prof. Dr. Burton was chosen deliberately because, of all Americans willing to do what had to be done, he was plainly the most gifted. He was both a learned and high-toned man and an accomplished rabble-rouser. He was respected alike by the *Gelehrten* and by grand juries, by Poets Laureate and by the members of the Michigan Legislature. He could drive home a syllogism and he could plant and explode a sob. His job, in brief, was to launch good Cal with a whoop—to lift the delegates and alternates out of their natural coma and send them into the campaign with all the fiery enthusiasm of crusaders shinning up the walls of Jerusalem—to currycomb their medulla oblongatas with such subtle and devastating art that they would go home with their heads swimming, their blood boiling, and their hearts bursting with a libido for Service. To this end the professor threw himself into his studio at Ann Arbor, consecrated himself for nine days and nine nights to the composition of a speech of 7,500 words, memorized it to the last wheeze and comma, put on his Kiwanis uniform, leaped into the volcanic glare of the spotlights, and so cut loose. And with what result? With the ghastly result that Cal fell flatter than any other candidate ever heard of in human history, that the demonstration planned to shake the hall at the mention of his Awful Name was dead in two minutes. I can find in my archives no record of a more painful scene. I am surely no humanitarian, but when that grisly silence fell, and the delegates and alternates began flopping into their pews, and a Y. M. C. A. song leader was rushed upon the glacis, his arms waving and his glottis emitting encouraging yells—when the thing got that far there was a lump in my throat and my natural sneer faded into a pizzicato snicker.

So much for Aristotle, and his vain attempt upon the human heart. It seemed to me that Babbitt failed almost as dismally. He appeared in the form of the standard-model Christian business man: white hair, mustache somewhat darker, pink skin, gold-rimmed eye-glasses, comfortable paunch—in other words, in the form of the Hon. William M. Butler of Massachusetts. Whenever, in any righteous and well-barbered American community, large or small, there is a drive, crusade, or public hullabaloo of whatever sort, whether against the red menace or in favor of the American plan, against bootlegging or in favor of the Y. M. C. A.'s summer camp for diabetic bookkeepers, an exact duplicate of the Hon. Mr. Butler is sure to be its head and forefront. The type is perfectly standardized, like the parts of a Ford. Forty years ago it ran to white Burnsides, smooth lips and chins, and heavy watch chains: its perfect flower was Morris K. Jesup. Today it runs to toothbrush mustaches and Shriner badges, and its perfect flower is Butler. Such men, though they yearn for Service, are not romantic. Between hawks and handsaws they distinguish clearly. More, they have sharp eyes for correspondences as well as for differences. They know precisely how and to what extent bishops and bootleggers, detectives and labor leaders, members of Congress and shyster lawyers are brothers under their skins. In particular, they are privy to the character of politicians, great and small. They know which side a United States Senator's bread is buttered on, and how soft a whisper he can hear.

Unluckily, such knowledge is often too scientific to be

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human. The expert, sorting out his politicians and hanging them upon their appropriate hooks, is only too apt to forget that they have feelings, that they are proud, that they are human. So it was with Butler. He was too new at his job to have acquired any tenderness, any delicacy, any diplomatic finesse. He simply grabbed his victims as if they were sardines and rammed them into their cans, the eminent with the obscure, the ancient with the newly hatched. Whole shoals of them went in without protest, even with loyal hosannahs—for example, the Southern jobholders, white and black. But now and then a Henry Cabot Lodge came along and there was a jet of stately tears, and now and then a Smoot came along and there was a challenging grunt, and now and then a Jim Watson came along and there was a yell to wring the heart. The cans, of course, were filled nevertheless. Not a sardine escaped. But two-thirds of them, I suspect, went in sore—and will come out sore. Do I betray a secret when I say that Dr. Lodge, when he rose to applaud the eloquence of Dr. Burton, showed under his pallid smile the vestiges of a diabolical leer? Do I babble too much when I report that Dr. Watson, leaping to the platform to second the nomination of the Hon. Hell and Maria Dawes, concealed his wounds so badly that even the galleries laughed? These men, and others like them, are not made of leather. Hit them today and they will remember it tomorrow. And tomorrow, I take it, they will be needed. It was far easier to put Cal over in Cleveland than it will be to put him over in November.

What I chiefly gathered from the whole foul and degrading spectacle, indeed, was a sense of oozing confidence. The delegates came in as if to a wedding, and they left as if from a meeting of creditors. What deflated them? Chiefly, I believe, the clumsy chamber-of-commerce technic of the Hon. Mr. Butler—a technic perfectly adapted, no doubt, to dealing with labor leaders, newspaper editors, and the rev. clergy, but somehow ineffective with politicians. The delegates to a national convention, remember, are not exactly worms. They pay their own expenses, they have reserved seats, they wear elegant gold and scarlet badges, and their minutest doings, when not downright unprintable, are recorded by the correspondents of their local papers. It thus pains them greatly to be rammed into cans like sardines. It pains them and fills them with dismay. Such dismay gradually worked its way through the free and imperial city of Cleveland. The thing began with a blast of bugles and ended with a dismal roll of drums.

Was there something else? I have a notion that there was. It took visible substance in the gaunt, archaic, almost spookish form of the Hon. Henry Cooper of Wisconsin. It would need a better psychologist than I am to work out just what happened, in all detail, on the night that Dr. Cooper rose up to read the manifesto of the rebels from the cow States. I do not recall clearly what that manifesto advocated, but the matter is of no importance, for the combat was not between ideas but between dignities. Representing Cal and the True Revelation was the Hon. Mr. Warren of Michigan—a brisk, cocky, shiny little attorney, with the manner of a butler lately elected to his master's club. Representing the contumacious husbandmen was that superb ancient, that heroic silurian, two heads taller than Warren and a thousand times the man—a wanderer in from Valhalla, somehow majestic and monumental. Was the spectacle lost on the delegates? I don't believe it was. When, in the end, they voted with Warren they had the decency to look ashamed. And looking ashamed, they also began to look uncertain.

The New Education

By AGNES DE LIMA

II. In the Ethical Culture, Horace Mann, and Lincoln Schools

EDUCATIONAL reformers are of three kinds: those who accept the established body of knowledge as necessary for the child to learn, but who admit that the methods of presenting it are at fault and must be changed; those who advocate changes in the curriculum so as to prepare children more adequately for a modern world; and those who view education as an organic process which changes and develops as the child himself changes and grows. None of these three groups works entirely independently. The difference in emphasis, however, profoundly affects what each is doing, and the future of education will be largely shaped by the degree to which one group or the other succeeds in dominating educational thought and policy.

Just now the technicians are very much in vogue; the measurement of intelligence, of classroom achievement, and improvement in method occupying the major efforts of schools of education and professional schoolmen everywhere. The second group is also much in evidence, demanding modern schools to fit children to play a worthy part in a modern world. The third group is only beginning to attract attention outside of advanced circles, and is still dismissed by the majority of educators as visionary.

There are in New York City three schools which, although private, are known as pace setters for the country in the first two types of reform. All three also have experimented in their lower grades with the principles held by the third group. The institutions are the Horace Mann and Lincoln schools, both officially connected with Teachers College, and the Ethical Culture School. Both the Horace Mann and Ethical Culture schools are frankly conservative as regards curriculum, save for the work of Miss Patty Hill in the kindergarten and first grade of Horace Mann and the primary grades in the Ethical Culture School. The Lincoln School, on the other hand, is frankly experimenting with the curriculum, seeking to adapt it to the changed demands of modern society.

The Ethical Culture School, established in 1878, is the oldest of the three. It was founded by Dr. Felix Adler as a free kindergarten for the children of working people, but it grew rapidly into a full graded school to which children were admitted from all social strata. Children are not excluded because of race, religion, or color—a rare policy in a private school—and scholarships, affording either full or partial tuition extended to over two-fifths of the enrolment, cut down economic barriers. In admitting children, however, preference is usually given to those with a high record of scholarship and a high intelligence rating—at least 115—and once admitted, pupils are expected to meet the

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exacting requirements of the school's course of study. The result of this policy is that the school serves primarily a rather narrowly specialized intellectual type, and necessarily excludes many children whose special talents lie outside the range of measurability of the scales, or who lack ability to perform difficult academic work.

Some of these pupils are permitted to remain and take a modified course leading to a certificate instead of a diploma, but they are regarded rather as lost souls by the administration. In discussing them recently Superintendent Lewis said:

> For them the thought of the world bearing on human progress so far as it is bound up in ethics, literature, history, science, and foreign languages is very largely a sealed book. Facts they can often grasp and reproduce, but the relations of facts and reasoning generally in the abstract data of language are often beyond their capacity. Hence they do not seem to me to be those best qualified by nature to attain the school's highest aims. . . . They are not those whose intelligence can be raised to a point where they can cope successfully with the burning problems now facing mankind.

The avowed purpose of the school is to train ethical leaders, "reformers" of society, and its officers are proud of the fact that a larger proportion of its graduates than of any other school are engaged in teaching, research, or some type of social service. The ideal of service to society is held constantly before the pupils by means of formal ethics instruction as well as by numerous activities on behalf of the community.

A prevocational arts course has been established in the last two years of high school for those children who show special artistic ability. It is the ultimate hope of the school to offer similar courses to those specially endowed in music, in home-making, mechanical ingenuity, and science. Even here, however, the emphasis is placed upon academic standing and intellectual capacity, for Superintendent Lewis does not believe the course will be successful with students who do not possess at least average general intelligence in addition to special talent, nor would he give preference to the dull but talented student over the bright and equally talented one.

While all the children of the middle and upper school are thus held to the requirements of a conventional curriculum, the attempt is made through psychological study of each child to provide a rounded range of activities, mental, physical, and social. This is important, for precociously intellectual children are frequently emotionally infantile, or unable to respond normally to social situations.

Some years ago an experiment was made in the primary grades of the Ethical Culture School by Miss Mabel Goodlander to test out some of the more progressive theories of education.[1] No changes were made in size of class or in room space, but complete freedom was given in the selection of materials, use of class time, and employment of special teachers. Miss Goodlander's aim was "to create a free social environment where children in cooperation with others of the same age might make a beginning in democratic living under conditions more like life outside school than commonly considered appropriate for the school regime." Children as well as teacher were at liberty to sit where convenient, talk and move about freely so long as they did not annoy others, and to work or play either as individuals or in groups. Although the teacher directed the class when necessary, the children were mainly engaged in projects of their own.

It is one of Miss Goodlander's cardinal beliefs that the teacher must never dominate the situation. "We must learn," she says, "to appreciate more sympathetically each child's point of view, and we should be willing to accept his judgment in many things frankly and sincerely even when it differs from our own."

As regards curriculum the emphasis was shifted from formal studies to constructive work and play, to expression in varying art forms, and to first-hand knowledge of social and industrial activities related to the child's life. The three R's were mastered, but Miss Goodlander waited until the interest of the children in them had been naturally aroused.

Miss Goodlander carried her experiment forward with the same group for four years, and then started with a new class. According to Superintendent Lewis the experiment was a success, tests showing that as compared with two parallel divisions Miss Goodlander's group met the school's requirement in formal work and excelled in ability to observe, initiate, and carry projects through; in cooperation it was superior to one group and inferior to another.

While the experiment was thus held successful, no attempt has since been made to extend its methods to the upper grades, and even in the lower grades Miss Goodlander's principles are not wholly applied. Her work has served to liberalize, but not to free the elementary department from the weight of tradition.

In the Horace Mann School, also, due to Miss Patty Hill and her associates, the work of the kindergarten and primary grades is less formal and more flexible than that of succeeding years. Miss Hill's work has profoundly affected the course of kindergarten and primary education throughout the country in the direction of a freer and more democratic type of organization.

Recently she has been attempting to apply the principles of behaviorist psychology to curriculum making and has worked out with her associates a series of activities designed to develop proper habits, physical, mental, emotional, and social.[2] With the help of several hundred leaders in kindergarten and primary education a "habit inventory" was first produced listing specific habits which the majority agreed young children should form. As this inventory was used, Miss Hill discovered that the supervisors and classroom teachers "began to think of all instruction in terms of desirable change in thought, feeling, and conduct." The principles of habit formation were thus gradually applied to all school subjects. "The proper conduct of the three R's became as evident as the so-called moral and social conduct." This resulted in regarding each aspect of the curriculum, not as a formal school subject, but as a social situation rich in activities and experiences. Thus acquired, the habit takes on meaning and is associated in the mind of the child with a sense of satisfaction or pleasure.

The basis for what Miss Hill calls her conduct curriculum is indubitably sound, and most of the activities listed

[1] See "Education Through Experience." By Mabel R. Goodlander. Bulletin No. 10, New York Bureau of Educational Experiments.

[2] "A Conduct Curriculum for the Kindergarten and First Grade." By Agnes Burke, Edith U. Conard, Alice Dalgliesh, Edna V. Hughes, Mary E. Rankin, Alice G. Thorn, Charlotte G. Garrison, Teachers of Horace Mann School. Introduction by Patty Smith Hill. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1924.

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in her book are wholesome and properly selected. There is always the danger, however, as Miss Hill herself recognizes, that the very explicit aims set down by her group will be used not as means of wider freedom but of more repression. Unhappily the moralists and disciplinarians manage to function, no matter what instrument is put into their hands. Their natural tendencies are not likely to be checked by the following list of "desirable" changes in thought, feeling, and conduct which should be developed: "Learning to enter room politely," "Greeting teachers and children courteously," "Gaining an attitude of respect and obedience toward parents and other adults," "Learning to use time wisely, i.e., balance between quiet and active work" (what young child consciously strikes such a balance?). In "coming to group for discussion and music," the desirable change stressed is "learning to select right-sized chair and to carry chair properly."

These imposed standards of conduct explain much of what one observes upon visiting the primary classes of the Horace Mann School. Washing the hands before the midday luncheon became in one room an event of awful import, where silence was enjoined and order kept absolute. Later, the rest period, where the children were expected to relax, became a quarter hour of exasperated nagging by the teacher to enforce immobility upon thirty wriggling youngsters.

The upper grades of the school make no pretense of free activity. The standards upheld are those which have the weight and sanctity of tradition behind them, but individual teachers are allowed a high degree of personal initiative, and a variety of experiments have been carried on, especially in method, which are of distinct value. Scientific pedagogy has an important place in education, and schools everywhere are indebted to the researches made by Teachers College and applied in the Horace Mann School. It would be stimulating to those interested in adapting education to the needs of growth if the teachings of Dewey and Kilpatrick were applied more generally to the curriculum itself.

The aim of the Lincoln School, as described by its director, Dr. Otis W. Caldwell, is "to construct a fundamental curriculum which will be representative of the important activities, interests, and possibilities of modern life." The school has been in existence only seven years, but has already effected a number of thoroughgoing changes in the course of study. Chief among these perhaps is the work of Dr. Howard A. Rugg, who has abolished the artificial divisions existing between history, geography, civics, economics, and sociology, and grouped the material under one natural heading—social studies—designed to help the student to understand and deal intelligently with the problems of contemporary life.

Dr. Rugg's approach to his job is that of the scientist. His eleven social science pamphlets, which embody for the junior high school the material as worked out to date, have been assembled after years of painstaking analysis, inventory making, trial use, and revision. The Lincoln School has obtained the cooperation of one hundred and thirty-five schools scattered throughout the country which make use of the new curricular material and test out its results as compared with those of classes following the ordinary courses. Besides breaking down unnatural subdivisions between allied fields of knowledge, Dr. Rugg has substituted human episodes for the encyclopedic rehearsal of bare facts. The course is thus not only enormously enriched and vitalized, but children are stimulated to weigh and discuss the value of one episode as compared with another, to draw their own conclusions, and test the validity of data. Dr. Rugg holds that it is only through such practice that the future citizen will resort to intelligence instead of prejudice as a guide to conduct. Four guiding principles have been defined by Dr. Caldwell as fundamental to the reorganization of any school subject: Subject matter and method must be engaging and genuine; pupils must succeed if they are to become educated; sense training is necessary (at present education is based too much on words and too little on touch, sight, and taste); children should be encouraged to work together and teach one another.

These principles find expression in a variety of ways in the school. The curriculum of the elementary school has not been subjected to the same analysis and study as that of the upper grades, but the class teachers are afforded much freedom for experimentation. The primary rooms usually present a pleasant hubbub of activity. They are large, sunny, and equipped with all manner of materials—a work bench, lumber and tools, a sand pile, large blocks, clay, paints, and large cardboard for stage scenery, with a white rabbit or two rambling about at will. A play is frequently in preparation and the children are busy composing it, painting the scenery, constructing buildings and furniture, and issuing invitations to parents and friends. One first grade recently dramatized the marketing of milk, while the second grade gave a play about New York, with skyscrapers, bridges, and elevated tracks complete. Excursions are frequent to docks, railroad stations, warehouses and markets, and upon their return the children reproduce these experiences in paint, blocks, clay, and story form.

A valuable means of reviewing class activities and of presenting material in vivid form is supplied through the school assemblies, at which a variety of programs are given by the children relating to their own special interests. Less valuable—so it seems to a visitor—are the student councils, particularly for the younger children. The councils were organized to afford machinery for a limited amount of student self-government. Meetings are held weekly and conducted according to the laws of parliamentary procedure. Minutes and by-laws and the proper methods of putting motions may amuse and instruct older children, but they appear totally unrelated to the interests of seven-, eight-, and nine-year-olds. It was only through the indefatigable efforts of class teachers working against the hopeless inertia of their pupils that delegates were duly instructed for two council meetings which were visited, and the meetings themselves were only saved from stagnation by the constant prodding of a sixth-grade teacher in attendance.

This predominance of the teacher appears to be general in most grades of the elementary school. The teacher conducts the class, controls the activities, leads the discussion, makes the criticism, assigns the work, and "keeps order" just as in any traditional school. The whole day is closely programed, a large clock in each room chopping off activity at the end of a given period. The children in general reflect the policy of the school—they are being prepared for a future society by means contrived and imposed upon them by their elders. In appearance they are accordingly sober, constrained, polite, and even occasionally somewhat bored.

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Bolshevism and Populism

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

IT was a great meeting in St. Paul—the meeting between Bolshevism and Populism in the St. Paul "Farmer-Labor-Progressive" Convention. Here for the first time in the course of an American national political campaign there was a certain mingling of the ideas and purposes of the late good old James B. Weaver of Iowa, who ran on the Populist ticket for President in 1892, and of the ideas and purposes of the late but not usually called good old Nikolai Lenin, who became master of Russia without bothering with tickets or elections.

It was a fascinating spectacle. At one extreme there was William Z. Foster, bolshevik, calm, clear, quiet, without a flower of speech in him, studious, even learned, knowing exactly what he wanted and inflexibly and successfully carrying out a program the nature of which was outlined in communist publications in Europe many months ago.

At the other extreme was William Mahoney, chief signer to the call for the convention on behalf of the Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota. Mr. Mahoney was worried. He was perplexed. He had helped to issue a call to which Mr. Foster's communist Workers Party could respond. The Workers Party was present, represented by Mr. Foster and others. Mr. Mahoney had been pursuing the principle that all elements opposed to big business and to predatory wealth and to the money power and to Wall Street and to privilege and to monopoly should be included in the convention in one unhappy family pursuing happiness through a political uprising. Well, here they were. Mr. Mahoney should have been pleased. He in fact was wretched.

From the opening minute of the convention he felt that something strange was happening to him. It was.

In Vienna in Austria there is a communist publication called the *International Press Correspondence*. Mr. Mahoney, by subscribing to it, could long ago have learned just what it was that was going to happen to him on June 17, 18, and 19 in St. Paul, Minnesota.

It surely is convenient that by subscribing to periodicals in, say, Austria, one can now get some quite good advance tips on things that are going to happen in some parts of American politics.

In the *International Press Correspondence* of the 28th of last February a prophetic account was given of the outcome of the St. Paul "Farmer-Labor-Progressive" Convention almost four months beforehand:

> The Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party has called a convention to take place in St. Paul. It will be a sign of the revolt of the workers, farmers, and some sections of the petit bourgeoisie against the domination of the capitalist political parties. It will be the first call to action on a mass scale that the Communists have been able to issue, for the Workers Party will be represented. The petit bourgeois third party will be formed with us. For us to support it may result in its victory. Then alone will the workers and farmers realize that petit bourgeois reformism is fruitless. All preaching has no effect. The workers and farmers must see petit bourgeois reformism in action. By ruthless, merciless criticism of the third party and of petit bourgeois reformism the Communists will unmask its character. Though supporting the third party, they must be able to criticize it pitilessly. This is a strategy that the Communist parties of Europe and America are just learning to apply. It is a hard course but is the path of the revolution. The campaign in America will allow us to enter the third party, to form a left wing within it, and to split the left wing away from the third party.

The simple soul of Mr. Mahoney and of Northwestern populism could hardly be expected to cope with a plan so incredible in its naive avowal of intended double-dealing. To call it double-dealing is perhaps indeed inaccurate. A man who tells you beforehand that he is going to sit at table with you in order to get a couple of tines off your fork is in an extraordinary sense honest. In that sense the Communists are honest to the last degree. For instance:

Robert Marion La Follette has been the idol of the whole Northwestern ex-populist farmer-labor movement. The Chicago *Daily Worker* is the mouthpiece of Mr. Foster's Workers Party. C. E. Ruthenberg is one of the great intellectual lights—deservedly so—of the Workers Party. Long before La Follette denounced the St. Paul convention Mr. Ruthenberg said in the *Daily Worker* that the Communists would unquestionably support La Follette but that nevertheless:

> We Communists are against La Follette. We know that the political victory of the workers and exploited farmers lies over the politically dead body of La Follette.

This policy of kissing in order to carry out a frank promise to stab was faithfully followed by the Communists in the St. Paul convention. They persuaded the convention to put a candidate in the field against La Follette as well as against the candidates of the Republican and Democratic parties. This new candidate—Duncan MacDonald—is an experienced leader of trade-union miners and a most likable person with a most scanty knowledge of communism in his head and with nothing communist at all in his purposes. He simply believes that there should be an outright farmer-labor party with a candidate who, unlike La Follette, will accept the party's platform and accept the party itself.

Similar views were taken by quite a few old ex-Populists and their spiritual descendants in the convention. The Communists honestly and openly aimed at taking a piece of the Northwestern radical movement away from La Follette. They succeeded sooner than they had expected.

The only important remaining fact is that the piece which they have taken is relatively a small one. The actual local Minnesota candidates of the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party for office in Minnesota in the elections of this year were overwhelmingly conspicuously absent from the convention. Few people with any actual chance to get elected to anything were present. The Communists, however, did grab off something. They grabbed off the ultra-violet end of the Northwestern indigenous American political spectrum, containing many active and courageous speakers and organizers. They merited this success. They had a plan. They had discipline. They went to enormous pains to get their sympathizers into the convention as delegates. They thought. They worked. They won something—an inch.

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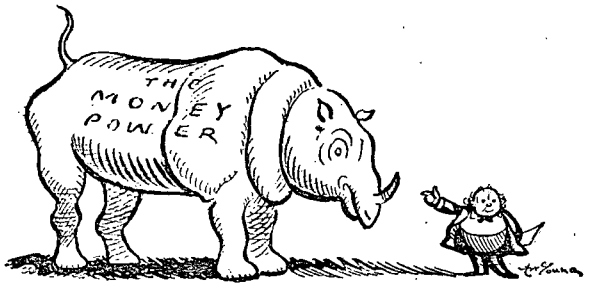
Democrats All

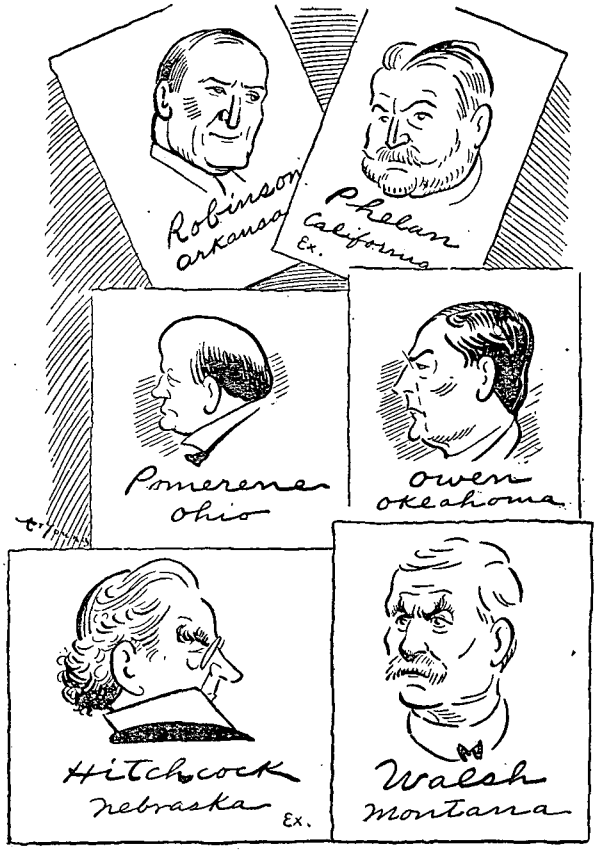
by Art Young



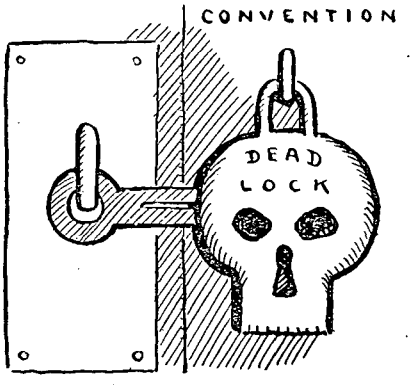
The Artist Picks the Winner

The Democracy

A composite portrait of the convention



Delegates-at-Large



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Rhode Island's Revolution

By ORVILLE A. WELSH

THE conservatism of Rhode Island, the solidly intrenched position of its great industries, the influence of special privilege were described by Robert Cloutman Dexter in *The Nation* for February 27. The fight now being made by the progressive Democratic Governor, William S. Flynn, and a determined legislative minority to abolish the "rotten-borough" system by which the Republican Party has perpetuated its power in that State will serve to round out that picture. Not since 1842, when the present constitution was adopted, has there been such a good prospect of a successful assault on the citadel of the Republicans.

In 1922 Flynn, who had been a leader in the Democratic legislative fight against it, was triumphantly elected Governor on a platform that, among other things, called for a forty-eight-hour-work law for women and children, a constitutional convention to remove the inequalities of senatorial apportionment, abolition of the property qualification for voters, restoration to the Governor of authority to appoint State officials, and a change in the method of choosing sheriffs (still elected by the legislature in joint secret session and responsible to no one).

The Democrats in the Assembly with the aid of a few liberal Republicans passed the forty-eight-hour bill and a resolution for a constitutional convention. The Senate majority refused to permit a vote on either proposal.

The Senate is composed of one member from each town. No city is allowed more than one member. Thus Providence, with 250,000 population, sends one Senator (Democratic), who is outvoted by the two Republican senators from the rural communities of West Greenwich and Foster, population 367 and 905, respectively. Thirteen Rhode Island towns, with a total population of 17,807, return eleven Republicans, one Democrat, and one independent. Eleven cities, with a total population of 501,362, return eight Democrats and three Republicans.

Last year, under the leadership of Governor Flynn and Lieutenant Governor Felix A. Toupin, the Senate Democrats conducted an eighty-day filibuster against money bills, finally wresting minor concessions from the Republicans.

This year the filibuster was resumed, early in January. The House again passed the forty-eight-hour law and the constitutional convention proposal, and the senate filibuster prevented the Republicans from defeating these measures in the upper chamber. Day after day, week after week, the filibuster continued. The Republicans accused the Lieutenant Governor of refusing to recognize them; he only smiled, and intimated that sometimes it was necessary to fight fire with fire.

So it went until May 9, when after a more than usually heated partisan clash, the Republican president pro tem., Senator Arthur A. Sherman, declared that a motion to adjourn had been carried, and the Republicans left the Chamber in a body. The Democrats then proceeded with a rump session. They sat from early evening until 4 o'clock in the morning, passed the forty-eight-hour bill, a constitutional convention proposal, and a temporary appropriation bill, and confirmed a number of appointments by the Governor. The forty-eight-hour bill reached the Governor at midnight, and he signed it at 3 a.m.

The bill provides a penalty of $20 for each violation. Thus a mill-owner with 100 employees might have to pay $2,000 for a single violation by his shop. The mill-owners are determined to resist this legislation, which is now in the courts—the judges all being Republican.

Meanwhile the filibuster had tied up all State funds, and great pressure was brought to bear on the Democrats to permit action on appropriations. No State wage-earning employees have been paid since March 1, and money has been lent to them without security. A committee of the Rhode Island Bankers' Association called on Governor Flynn. He stood pat. The situation, he announced, was one for which the Republicans were clearly responsible in refusing to authorize a constitutional convention.

Among the institutions threatened with suspension were the State Sanitarium and the State College. The Democrats said this was regrettable, but that rotten boroughs must go and there was no time like the present.

The Republicans also refused to surrrender, and the filibuster continued. On June 17 open warfare broke out in the Senate Chamber, and there was a general riot in which 200 spectators, including many women, joined. A riot call was sent in and twenty policemen with riot guns hurried to the Senate Chamber, but before they arrived Governor Flynn had hastened from his office and, with the aid of sheriff's deputies, restored a semblance of order. The filibuster was kept up continuously. The presence of gunmen, thugs, etc., in the audience was charged by each side to the other. Each side had its own barbers in the Chamber to freshen up its members. The session was punctuated by occasional snores.

Early in the morning of June 19 the Lieutenant Governor, on whose ability to do without sleep the hopes of the Democrats depended, announced that the senators should leave the Chamber until the janitors had found the source of an unbearable odor near the rostrum. A newspaper saturated with a gas mixture was discovered behind the draperies. Four senators, three of them Republicans, were taken to a hospital with gas poisoning. At 8 a.m. June 19 the Senate recessed, in an effort to compromise, after a continuous session of forty-two hours.

A tentative agreement, embodying the calling of a constitutional convention, was reached at a conference in the Governor's office, but this was repudiated by James E. Dooley, a G.O.P. power, who is Reading Clerk of the Senate. Asserting that they "feared for their lives," the Republican senators accordingly refused to attend the session June 20, and twenty of them crossed the State line to avoid being arrested by order of Lieutenant Governor Toupin. The Democrats met, but lacked a quorum, and declared an adjournment until Tuesday, June 24.

The Republicans charge that Lieutenant Governor Toupin, during the conference in Governor Flynn's office, said, referring to the Republican senators: "By God, the next time we get them in here we'll kill 'em." Mr. Toupin explained that he did not mean actual physical extermination but "intended to convey the idea that we had made them sick by keeping them here so long in the present session, and that we would carry on until they either died from that sickness or submitted to the will of the people."

The situation is in a state of momentary suspension, but with public passion at high tide it is believed the Governor may yet have to call out the militia—to protect his political opponents!

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The Akali Movement—An Heroic Epic

By AGNES SMEDLEY

AN heroic epic, as stirring as any of ancient times, is being enacted in the Punjab, north India, where the Akali Sikhs, unarmed and with nothing but their breasts as shields, stand as the bulwark of the Indian national movement. Against this bulwark the brutal violence of the British military in India has again dashed itself in vain. Under the benign rule of the British Labor Government another massacre as barbarous as that of Amritsar in 1919 was perpetrated in February, at Jaito, the Punjab, claiming at the least 130 dead and 300 wounded. As in the case of Amritsar, the full extent of the savagery may not be known for months.

The prisons of the Punjab are filled with those who are called Akali or "the Deathless." But they, whose faith grew in three centuries of persecution, and whose temples were reared on the bodies of their martyrs, do not shrink from martyrdom. These are the people who, martial in spirit and tradition, have, since the defeat of the Sikh nation in 1849, constituted the backbone of the British army in India. They are the ferocious fighters whom the Germans faced in the late war. They are the soldiers who, ignorant and driven by hunger, have won for England an empire in Asia. Gigantic in size, disciplined by military training, these are the people who have become nationally conscious and have at last accepted the faith and methods of Mahatma Gandhi.

The massacre at Jaito is the culminating attempt of the British Government to crush the Sikh religious reform movement, referred to generally as the Gurdwara reform movement, which, in its very modern phase, began after the Amritsar massacre in 1919. This movement, at first social and religious, has, under persecution, become political, and is now a movement of such importance that Lord Reading, from his Delhi palace, recently stated that "the Akali movement is the one branch of the national movement which yet remains to be destroyed."

The movement has grown out of the soil of India and out of the needs of the people. The aftermath of the war awakened the national consciousness of the Sikhs, and as a consequence many "affected" Sikh regiments were disbanded. Because of their awakened consciousness, aroused partly by the propaganda of Indian revolutionaries for the past twenty years, as well as because of the economic pressure, the disbanded soldiers have been drawn with other Sikhs into the Gurdwara reform movement—the movement to reform and reclaim the Gurdwaras or Sikh temples and shrines which are surrounded by large tracts of unused communal land. To accomplish this meant that the old corrupt Mahants, or priests in charge, had to be expelled and the Gurdwaras placed under the control and management of the Panth, the freely elected assembly of all followers of the Sikh religion. The reform movement meant also the return to early Sikh practices, such as the reintroduction of communal kitchens, where any person, regardless of caste or creed, may receive free food. But neither the lands nor the kitchens could be of service to the community unless the Gurdwaras were freed from the old priests, who, contrary to Sikh faith and rites, had come to regard their positions as hereditary and the Gurdwaras as their private property. Thus, the reform movement has had a social-revolutionary significance. For Sikhism, when founded by Guru Nanak, the first of the ten great teachers of Sikhism, in the fifteenth century, was also a social-revolutionary movement, which aimed at destroying all artificial barriers between man and man and establishing a free communal life. In 1849 the British defeated the Sikhs, who had, by that time, formed an empire of their own; and since the Indian War of Independence in 1857, which failed largely because of Sikh support of the British, the Sikhs have been notorious for their unthinking loyalty to their new masters. So complete was their degeneration that many of their places of worship, and later the Khalsa College in Amritsar, were under British guidance and influence.

The priests of the Golden Temple in Amritsar, and the priests of the Akal Takht, which directly faces the Golden Temple, were government appointees. The Akal Takht is the chief of the four "thrones," or seats of authority, of the Sikh religion, from which proclamations binding upon all Sikhs are from time to time issued. The use of the Akal Takht for British political purposes was therefore a foregone conclusion; and this was clearly demonstrated in 1913 in connection with the Komagata Maru affair when a few hundred Indians, under a Sikh leader, attempted to enter Canada, but were violently and illegally prevented from doing so and were forced to return to India. In Calcutta they were met by the British military and treated as criminals. Because of the resentment shown by them the military was ordered to fire, and twenty men were killed. Then it was that the government-appointed priests of Akal Takht issued a proclamation condemning the Sikhs who had taken any part in the Komagata Maru affair. This proclamation aroused the entire Sikh community to resentment, and the movement to reform the Sikh places of worship received a great impetus.

During the war the Gurdwara reform movement was held more or less in abeyance, while the Sikhs "fought for democracy" in Europe. But when, after the war, they showed signs of awakening, they were rewarded with the infamous Rowlatt inquisition acts and, in April, 1919, with the Amritsar massacre. Of the 500 Indians killed and the 1,500 wounded in the Jallianwala Bagh massacre in Amritsar, one-third were Sikhs. Then General Dyer, who was responsible for the massacre, had the insolence to present himself before the Golden Temple and the Akal Takht, and the government-appointed priests in charge awarded him with the robe of honor, a distinction which had for hundreds of years been awarded only to Sikhs who had rendered notable and distinguished service to Sikhism or to the public at large.

The use of the Akal Takht and the Golden Temple was once more blatantly demonstrated. And the iron entered the soul of the Sikhs. The Sikh League, a political body, was founded in December, 1919, at the same time that the Indian National Congress held its annual session in Amritsar; and the *Akali* and other newspapers were started as organs of Sikh opinion. In another month the Sikh League

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had adopted in its entirety the non-cooperation program of Mahatma Gandhi. Demands were made that the Khalsa College be returned to the Panth, and that the keys to the Golden Temple, the Akal Takht, and a number of other Gurdwaras likewise be returned to the elected representatives of the Sikh faith. Only after months of bitter struggle were these objects attained. The Mahant of the Akal Takht was then ousted, but only after the blood of the reformers had been shed in the temple. The manager of the Golden Temple was likewise dismissed, but he, like his colleagues of the Akal Takht, refused to render any financial statement. The Government later knighted him.

At an assembly of elected Sikhs from all parts of India, held before the Akal Takht in 1920, a committee of 175 Sikhs, called the Shromani Gurdwara Parbandhak Committee, was elected, the duties of which were (1) The control of all funds from the Gurdwaras; (2) the appointment of Mahants, on a salary basis; (3) the taking over in the name of the Panth of all lands and of all places of worship; (4) the opening and the support of free communal kitchens, which had been one necessary part of the Sikh faith.

In accordance with ancient Sikh custom all Mahants were next called upon to surrender themselves and all places of worship to the Panth. Organized companies, or Jathas, of Sikhs, under a vow of non-violence, went from Gurdwara to Gurdwara taking possession of all temples and lands in the name of the Panth. These groups, which gradually came to be known as Akali Jathas, because of the old spirit of courage and purity which they exhibited, were next organized by the S. G. P. Committee into the Akali Dal, or Akali volunteer army. Black was adopted as the color to be worn by them as an indication of the intensity of their belief and courage. From that time onward the Government looked upon all black-turbaned Sikhs as revolutionaries. As a reply the Government now began openly to support, not only morally but with force, those old priests who refused to recognize the authority of the Panth.

A typical instance of the action of the old Mahants is seen in the attempt to reclaim a temple called Nankana Sahib in 1921. The priest was called before the Panth and accused of leading a corrupt and immoral life, and was ordered to surrender the temple and communal lands. A Jatha of 100 Akalis, under the pledge of non-violence, went to the temple, but were murdered to the last man by the priest and a small army of assassins, and their bodies burned within the temple compound. Where the priest was able to buy guns and ammunition to perpetrate such an atrocity in a land where no man may possess a gun without the knowledge and license of the police has never been learned.

The test of the Akali struggle, however, came in 1922 in the attempt to reclaim the Gurdwara called Guru-ka-Bagh near Amritsar. Called before the Panth, the Mahant admitted the charges against him and surrendered the temple to the Akalis. But later, for some unknown reason, he claimed the communal lands as his private property. Each day the Akalis went to the communal lands to cut firewood for the free communal kitchen which they had opened. The Government ordered the Akalis to keep away from the land and established a cordon of military police to carry out the order.

Then began the great drama of *satyagraha*, a drama which tested the mettle of every Sikh who participated in it. At first Jathas of twenty-five Akalis were arrested each day for trespassing at Guru-ka-Bagh. Then the Government ordered that no more prisoners were to be taken, and military police, armed with *lathis*, or metal-bound clubs, were stationed on the roads leading to the Gurdwara. The Jathas grew from 25 to 100 each. As they approached, the English officer in charge of the police gave the signal for attack. Not an Akali raised a finger by way of resistance or retaliation, but instead the Jatha marched forward with clasped hands and to the strains of religious hymns. Only when the last Akali was unconscious or dead did the police withdraw and leave the bodies to the mercy of the special Akali ambulance corps organized for the purpose. The police gradually drew back to the Gurdwara, and the scenes enacted there are best described in the words of the Rev. C. F. Andrews, an English Christian missionary who is teacher in Tagore's school at Bolpur and has acted as special correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian:**

> When we had gone some distance along the bank of the canal leading toward Guru-ka-Bagh, we saw two Sikhs in black turbans on the opposite bank waving their hands to us and pointing to the sky, where a great bird was circling in its flight toward Amritsar. Immediately all those who were in the tongas got down and eagerly pointed out the bird to me. They told me that every day, as soon as the beating at Guru-ka-Bagh began, the golden hawk took its flight to the Golden Temple in Amritsar. They said to me, "That was the bird. It was the golden hawk. It has gone to tell of the sufferings of the people." The whole scene—the intense faith of my companions, the look of reverence in their faces, the solemn awe mingled with joy—moved me very deeply. It put me in touch with the Akali reform movement in its spiritual aspect as perhaps nothing else could have done.
>
> Arriving at the Gurdwara I turned a corner of a building and reached a spot where I could see the beating itself. There were four Akali Sikhs with their black turbans facing a band of about a dozen police. They had walked slowly up to the line of the police just before I had arrived and they were standing silently in front of them at about a yard's distance. Their hands were placed together in prayer. Then, without the slightest provocation on their part, an Englishman lunged forward the head of the *lathi*, which was bound with brass. He lunged it forward in such a way that his fist which held it struck the Akali, who was praying, just at the collar bone with great force. It looked the most cowardly blow as I saw it struck. The blow was sufficient to fell the Akali and send him to the ground. He rolled over and slowly got up once more, and faced the same punishment over again. Time after time one of the four who had gone forward was laid prostrate by repeated blows, now from the English officer and now from the police who were under his control. On this and on subsequent occasions the police committed certain acts which were brutal in the extreme. I saw with my own eyes one of the police kick in the stomach a Sikh who stood helplessly before him. When one of the Akalis had been hurled to the ground and was lying prostrate a police stamped with his foot upon him, using his full weight. . . .
>
> The brutality and inhumanity of the whole scene was indescribably increased by the fact that the men who were hit were praying to God and had already taken a vow that they would remain peaceful in word and deed. The Akalis who had taken this vow had served in many campaigns in Flanders, in France, in Mesopotamia, and in East Africa. Now they were felled to the ground at the hands of Eng-

*In the International Relations Section of *The Nation* for April 23 appeared an account by C. F. Andrews of the massacre of the Sikh volunteers by the British at the Sikh shrine at Jaito, described later in this article.

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lish officials. . . . It was a strangely new experience to these men, to receive blows dealt against them with such force as to fell them to the ground, and yet never to utter a word or strike a blow in return. The vow they had made to God was kept to the letter. I saw no act, no look of defiance. A new lesson in moral welfare has been taught to the world.

As the news of Guru-ka-Bagh spread throughout India, raising a storm of contempt for everything English, thousands of Sikhs daily arrived in Amritsar to offer themselves for the sacrifice. Many waited for days and weeks; all night their cry of "Sat Sri Akal" (Glory to the True, the Deathless!) and their hymns of praise to God could be heard. Each day a Jatha of 100 stood before the Golden Temple, took the vow of non-violence before the sacred book of the Sikhs; each man received a little wreath of white flowers about his black turban as indication that he was dedicated to the sacrifice. Seeing no end to the problem, and perhaps not having enough prisons, the Government finally attempted to save its face by setting up an Indian agent, who announced to the public that he had leased the communal lands at Guru-ka-Bagh and that the police were no longer necessary to protect him. In this manner the Government withdrew behind cover of an Indian tool, and the Akalis took possession of their land. Over 1,300 men, of whom 60 per cent were ex-soldiers, had been wounded and many had died under treatment or in prison. The number of prisoners totaled 5,605.

Throughout last year the S. G. P. Committee reclaimed Gurdwaras and brought them into order. Almost every Sikh had by this time become an Akali. Akalis and other Sikh leaders were continually arrested on the flimsiest excuses. In the vast mass, the Akalis did not depart from the method of non-violent civil disobedience. A group of sixty-one militant Akalis, however, known as the Babbar Akalis, were arrested and charged with conspiracy to "wage war against the King"—meaning, of course, King of England. The trial is still in process.

During the early winter of last year the Maharajah of Nabha, a Sikh prince ruling a small native state in the Punjab, was forced by the British Government to abdicate. His crime, ostensibly, was his sympathy for and support of the Akali movement. Each day after his forced abdication Sikhs went to the Gangsar Temple in Jaito, Nabha state, and prayed for him. The British authorities, who had taken charge of the affairs of Nabha, forbade this, and finally closed the temple. To the Sikhs this was an act of desecration, and each week Jathas of twenty-five Akalis left Amritsar pledged to reclaim the temple. Each was arrested on the Nabha frontier. Then the Government declared the S. G. P. Committee an outlaw organization and arrested all its members and other prominent Sikhs. Since that time four S. G. P. committees have taken the place of the first one, each one being arrested. Even now a committee operates regularly. The Akali volunteer army was likewise outlawed and its chief members imprisoned. The entire student body and teaching staff of the Khalsa College in Amritsar met a similar fate.

In reply, the Jathas grew from twenty-five in number to 500. On February 21 of this year a Jatha of 500, followed by 5,000 to 10,000 devout Sikhs, marched for two weeks through the peasant districts of the Punjab on its way to Jaito. The country traversed is very backward; each night the Jathas halted, called councils which were attended by 25,000 to 30,000 people, and explained the meaning of their movement and the meaning of the Indian national movement.

According to the official statement of the S. G. P. Committee, published throughout the Indian press, the massacre at the Gangsar shrine in Jaito was deliberately prepared by the British Government. In the immediate vicinity of the shrine, declares the committee, and concealed behind some buildings, the authorities erected a special barbed-wire inclosure to serve as a trap into which the Akalis were to be driven and beaten. The scene leading to the temple looked like a European battlefield. The road leading to the shrine was inclosed by a barbed-wire barricade on the one side and on the other bullock carts chained together. Behind the carts, villagers, armed with clubs and drunk with liquor which had been freely supplied them, were stationed in three rows. According to the statement of Pundit Malaviya, organizer and founder of the great Benares Hindu University, in a speech before the Central Legislative Assembly in Delhi, and according to the statement issued by the S. G. P. Committee, these villagers had been recruited from the surrounding villages, one from each family, on the threat of confiscation of land and expulsion from the state of any family which did not send one representative. A platoon of infantry, two detachments of cavalry, and sappers and miners were ready to receive the Jatha. Lewis guns were fixed at various places. And, more significant still, a trench had been dug around the temple, filled with water, and then strewn with grass and twigs to give it a deceptive appearance.

The Jatha realized its fate as it approached, but it was under a sacred pledge. In a calm and devotional mood, and singing hymns, it advanced. The English commander gave a signal with a flag, and fire was opened. The Akalis did not waver, but marched forward, with hands upraised and with voices raised in a mighty religious hymn. As their comrades fell about them they picked them up and marched on. Realizing that to stop them meant to kill the last man, the cavalry surrounded them. Some thirty Sikh women in the procession, one whose baby was killed in her arms, attended the wounded; upon their refusal to withdraw they were lashed and beaten. The dead and wounded lay for twenty-four hours without any medical assistance. Some of the dead bodies were piled on pyres, drenched with kerosene oil, and burned. Others were finally loaded on carts like so many sacks of grain, and taken to the fort where the prisoners were detained.

Since the Jaito massacre five more Jathas of 500 have reached Jaito, only to be arrested. As they leave Amritsar on their long march the streets and housetops are jammed with people crying "Sat Sri Akal." Each night they rest and educate the peasants. Crowds of people wait for hours along the routes, ready to offer them, free of all charge, food and drink.

The Akali epic is not yet ended. It has again raised India from the depression which followed Mahatma Gandhi's arrest. It has ceased to be purely one of religious reform. It is a social and political movement led by men who prefer martyrdom to surrender. Almost every Sikh now claims the honor of being an Akali, a name drawn from the deep wells of Sikh persecution which means one who is pure in spirit, "the Deathless."

The next article in the series on New Morals for Old will be Virtue and Women, by Isabel Leavenworth.

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In the Driftway

ONE of the readers of a New York City daily wrote a letter to the editor recently complaining because he had noticed that the coffee-and-spice establishments which for years have made fragrant the old streets below Brooklyn Bridge were planning to move into roomier quarters out in the Borough of Queens. If this is true, the Drifter also wants to share in the complaint, for almost the nicest smells of Manhattan Island emanate from those streets.

* * * * *

AND while he is at it the Drifter wants to make another complaint that when most people talk or write about the smells of New York City they have in mind only the bad ones. Doubtless there are bad ones, but the Drifter maintains that the delightful odors of the metropolis far outnumber the objectionable ones. Theodore Dreiser has just written a book on "The Color of a Great City." The Drifter is thinking of writing a sequel called "The Smells of a Great City." There will be a chapter in it on the coffee-and-spice district.

* * * * *

OF course tastes in smells vary as they do in other matters. The Drifter would doubtless classify as delicious some odors which other people enjoy only mildly, or even find distinctly repugnant. For instance, the Drifter is inordinately fond of the odor of fresh asphalt. He loves to linger where they are putting down pavements, drinking in the perfume of boiling tar and new asphalt. Another favorite is bone fertilizer. A good many years ago the Drifter remembers there were several blocks along the waterfront of Baltimore where open sacks of bone fertilizer, fragrant and enticing, lined the sidewalks beside the dingy old warehouses. Some day the Drifter is going back to Baltimore. He will not disturb Mr. Mencken and his widely reputed wine cellar; he will make straight for the waterfront and those rows of bone fertilizer.

* * * * *

BOSTON, too, the Drifter loves, because of the smells of its hide-and-leather district. The Drifter leaves the Fenway and Commonwealth Avenue to others; he sniffs around the hide streets until it is time for his train to go.

* * * * *

BUT to return to New York. The coffee-and-spice district east of Broadway and below Brooklyn Bridge is, of course, only one of the regions of delightful odors. There is another coffee district—that where the green berries arrive—over on the Brooklyn piers at which the steamships from South and Central America dock. In order to get samples of the coffee the buyers plunge small metal tubes into the sacks, bringing out a few berries and also leaving a sizable hole. After a sack has been plugged several times it is fairly leaky, with the result that bushels of fragrant green coffee are scattered over the docks. Then, of course, there are the streets where fruits and vegetables are sold at wholesale, the molasses wharves on the North River, Italian districts with wonderful odors of cheese, the beguiling smells of East Side bakeries. But wait a minute! The Drifter does not wish to give away the material for "The Smells of a Great City," but rather to advertise it so insistently that some publisher will compel him to write the book.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Nordic Honor

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *The Nation* is always interested in tales of oppression or injustice. Here is a tale that includes oppression, injustice, and all the other sins of tyranny.

There was an Armenian student, Mike Mugerdichen, attending the Colorado School of Mines at Golden. He is a naturalized American citizen, a property-holder, and, incidentally, a war veteran and a member of the American Legion. He committed the sin of falling in love with a local girl, a Nordic blonde, the daughter of a local mogul, by name Duval. He wrote a letter to the president of the school, Dr. Alderson, stating that he was going to marry the girl. The storm broke. The irate father assaulted Mugerdichen and pummeled him severely. Alderson advised Mike to withdraw from the school for a few days and when he did so refused to let him reenter or to give him any credit for the semester's work that he had completed. In addition to this persecution by the school, three attempts to murder Mugerdichen have actually been made—once by a mob of students and twice by revolver bullet, sources unknown. Mugerdichen keeps a little store on the Lookout Mountain Road in which he sleeps, and twice this shack was riddled with bullets. The first time he was warned and was not at home when the visitors called, the second time he was wounded slightly in the foot and narrowly escaped with his life. I saw the bullet holes and the bullets that Mike had been able to dig out of the walls. This was attempted murder, for at least three out of the dozen fired passed through the wall at the level of the bed.

These facts are extraordinary, but the attitude taken by the townspeople and students is even more extraordinary. Most of them are indifferent; they say complacently that "they" are just trying to scare Mike. Some commend Duval, saying that it serves "the damn foreigner" right for chasing an American girl. Only a few protest. The town authorities refuse to give Mugerdichen any protection, although he has appealed to both the sheriff and the district attorney. Duval is still a respected citizen and Alderson is not criticized, although he could have prevented the whole trouble had he so wished.

If lynch law is not the law in America, since when has every man been authorized to appoint himself jury, judge, and executioner? If lynch law is the law, as it seems to be, what crime did the man commit? I am one of those "damn foreigners" and such actions are still strange to me, so I would be much obliged to you if you could answer those questions.

Austin, Texas, June 1 WILLIAM F. ELLIS

Shoes, Eggs, and *The Nation*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I can hardly afford *The Nation* and I can't afford to be without it, and, above all, we can't afford to see *The Nation* go the way of the *Freeman*.

Last year I had to cut down, so I cut down on the highest and took the *Liberator*. Now I see you offer *The Nation* and the *Liberator* for $5.50, so I am going to make the effort. It seems like exploiting you to take advantage of this, but what is a fellow to do?

Last week I took some eggs over to Emigrant. Got a pair of work shoes for $6 and it took just forty dozen eggs to pay for them. Now, the labor expended in producing that pair of shoes, including the labor on the raw material and all, translated into wages, would buy perhaps twenty dozen eggs—the rest going for rent, interest, and profit.

And that's what is the matter with the American farmer.

Emigrant, Montana, May 30 J. F. M.

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Financing Freedom

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The comment and discussion in this town about the action of Charles and Albert Boni in withdrawing "La Bas" at the threat of the district attorney and Mr. Sumner have taken many angles. It is admitted that the Boni brothers are new publishers, and also, in the world's wealth, quite poor.

Do their critics realize that to go to trial costs a great deal of money? Do they realize that if there should happen to be a conviction and an appeal were taken the cost of stenographer's minutes is large, the printing of the case and the briefs is expensive, and that even if the higher court finally says the conviction is improper and should never have been obtained all the large expenditure of money is not repaid by the state?

Do you remember the case against Harper and Brothers and Brainard for "Madeleine," in which the defendants were convicted, but on appeal to the Appellate Division the judgment of conviction was reversed and indictment dismissed? If Harper and Brothers and Brainard had been unable, financially, to appeal, the conviction would have remained against them. While many people would be sympathetic in a fight like this, how many would get together and raise funds so that the defendants could really have a proper defense?

I have had that lesson brought home to me in the case of the play "The God of Vengeance," now on appeal. Though a great many people stood up for the play in every way, yet the trial and the appeal are being financed by me. Assuming that I should win on appeal, the fact would remain that if I could not have financed myself the conviction would remain.

Only by the cooperation of individuals and groups who are in favor of freedom can these battles be fought. It is too much to ask the individual to bear the entire brunt of an attack by the State with its unlimited funds and by societies like the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice.

New York, June 1 Harry Weinberger

An Offer to Central Europe

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some time ago, animated by a variety of apparently misguided altruism, I wrote a note for insertion in *The Nation* begging persons in Central Europe who found it difficult to secure American periodicals to communicate with me. I desired to send them what magazines I could and also, for cultural purposes, to correspond and exchange ideas on topics of mutual interest. I was rather surprised at the paucity of the response and at the very much smaller number who acknowledged even my first sending of magazines.

Will you insert this note for me? Surely there must be half a dozen Europeans who would like to exchange intelligent ideas with a foreigner and get American periodicals in the bargain!

Beltsville, Maryland, May 1 T. Swann Harding

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I wish to apply to the readers of *The Nation* with the following request. I am much interested in English literature (modern of course), but it is impossible for me to buy books, as, first of all, it is quite impossible to obtain books in Lithuania and I have no means to buy American editions. Therefore, I would like to ask the readers of *The Nation* who have books by modern American writers, as, for instance, London and Sinclair, which they have read to send them to me. I am prepared to send in exchange Russian or German books. My address is Kovno, Lithuania, Poste-Restante.

I hope that I may find people who will answer my appeal and I thank *The Nation* in advance for printing my letter.

Kovno, Lithuania, May 2 B. E. Birga

Dreams

By ROLFE HUMPHRIES

He thought that he had buried her
  So deeply, deeply underground
That her dead body would not stir
  Nor her stopped mouth make fluttering sound.

And then he flourished like a tree,
  New leaves of grace began to show,
And all his friends rejoiced that he
  Could have, at last, his chance to grow.

But what they could not see or know
  Was that the fiery sap which fed
His brilliant daily strength, would go
  At night down to its old dark bed.

Thus, sensitive in sleep, he found
  That on occasions he would feel
In that unconscious underground
  A palpable, direct appeal.

In an environment that suits
  A readjusted buried soul
She keeps on tugging at his roots
  Like an unkind, aggressive mole.

Books

An American Career

Alfred E. Smith. By Henry Moskowitz. Thomas Seltzer. $3.50.

THERE is no "Al" Smith myth. There couldn't be. Too many thousands have seen and heard the man. Too many millions in the most populous State of the Union have seen and felt his works. He is real—flesh and blood. No press agent, no propaganda, no newspaper connivance has had much part in making his career.

Yet it is high romance—in the most approved American tradition. Horatio Alger couldn't have done better. "Al, the Newsboy," or "From Newsboy to Governor!" A poor lad in New York's slums. His father dying at an early age and leaving the boy to support his widowed mother. He leaves school, sells papers, works in a fish market, wins favor in his district, enters politics, is elected to the Assembly, "saws wood" there until he knows the game, and begins to climb steadily, surely. He becomes Governor of the largest American commonwealth, and by all odds the most complex and difficult to govern. He is a superb executive. Even in an adverse political landslide he runs over a million votes ahead of his ticket. At the next election the voters overwhelmingly return him to office. At the national convention . . . One pauses and puts down the book—unfinished. This is good juvenile stuff if only the realities . . .

But this isn't fiction. Delve into the record. Henry Moskowitz has compiled it. It's a campaign document, of course, but then the facts, the verbatim reports, debates, messages speak for themselves. Here are actions writ into the political and social history of the State. Here is eloquence that rests on simplicity and sincerity. Here is democracy that is not demagoguery. Here is an instinctive, an unwavering faith in the American experiment. Here are works, the fruits of that faith. Here are truthfulness, vision, and courage. Here are decency and kindliness.

No one who is genuinely interested in America and its future can afford not to read this biography, written by a social

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worker and student of affairs—a realist and idealist. It isn't just an account of the rise of one American named Smith, although it's a good story merely as such. It's an act from the great American drama, a piece of our national epic. And just now it's a challenge.

They have said of him—they have whispered "He's a Catholic," as if a man's race or creed should debar him from any office. It is not for him, but for the voters who cherish the American ideal to accept this challenge. Yet he himself throughout has met its furthermost implications. From the first he has been the champion of the public school—not with empty phrases, though he needed all his verbal equipment—but by raising teachers' inadequate salaries, equalizing the pay for women, and by vetoing the Lusk teachers' "loyalty" bill, so that intellectually honest and independent-minded teachers could continue in their calling without loss of self-respect.

He gave the State local option for Sunday baseball—not the most important measure per se, but considerable in its implications. "I am of the firm opinion," said he, "that those . . . who oppose all recreation on Sunday . . . have no right, in law or in morals . . . to impose their views upon the majority who disagree with them."

They have said of him that he was "wet," and the Republican Party, whose elected President never allowed the Eighteenth Amendment to interfere with previously formed habits, would doubtless try to make this an issue, hoping that the shout of "alcohol" would somehow wash it clean of oil. But whatever his *personal* views—never hypocritically concealed—his public *record* is, despite widely held misconceptions to the contrary, a rigid and vigorous adherence to the law of the land. Those who doubt it should read his clear memorandum on his approval of the Mullan-Gage law repeal. Only a fanatic would dispute his logic.

Governor Smith's record of achievements is too long and varied to detail here. But the American people have the duty of familiarizing themselves with it, and a stake in doing so. They will find it as close an approach to absolute zero in buncombe and blather as may be found anywhere in the political game that is so largely fashioned of these two ingredients.

ERNEST GRUENING

This Oil Age

The World Struggle for Oil. By Pierre l'Espagnol de la Tramerye. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

The Oil Trusts and Anglo-American Relations. By E. H. Davenport and Sidney Russell Cooke. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Oil and the Germs of War. By Scott Nearing. Ridgewood, N. J.: Nellie Seeds Nearing, Publisher. 60 cents.

Die Weltinteressen der englischen Petroleumindustrie. By Sydney Jessen. Berlin: Finanzverlag.

WHEN the history of this decade is written, a whole series of events now innocently attributed to miscellaneous causes will probably be summarized as aspects of the race for control of the empire of oil. Americans hardly suspect that their country has an "oil policy"; yet Europeans assume that it was because of oil that the United States so long failed to recognize Mexico, that Mexico was barred from the League of Nations, that the United States still fails to recognize Soviet Russia, that in 1921 she paid Colombia $25,000,000 damages for the rape of Panama in 1903, that she toppled the Tinoco Government in Costa Rica, helped the Leguia Government in Peru with financial advisers and bankers' loans, and denounced the League of Nations mandatory system. An American might add that oil dominates the attitude of the European Powers toward Soviet Russia, Rumania, and Turkey, dictates British policy in Mesopotamia, Persia, and the Caucasus, has something to do with British expeditions into Tibet, determines Japanese-Russian relations, and was not without a bearing upon the British decision to establish a naval base at Singapore, close to the oil-fields of the Dutch East Indies.

Modern war is fought with oil. Aviation is impossible without it; gasoline-driven motor trucks feed the land armies; and the navies have turned from coal to oil. Modern industry increasingly depends upon oil. We are living through a new economic revolution. Fifty years ago the world got along with ten million barrels of crude oil a year; ten years ago it used four hundred million barrels; this year the production will be close to a billion barrels. Fifty years hence this meteoric career of the oil industry may well appear as the dominant motif of our era.

In the kerosene period of the seventies and eighties the United States—or the Standard Oil Company—had almost a world monopoly; in 1898 the Russian oil-fields suddenly leaped to supremacy; four years later our mid-continental fields drove American production far above Russian; and now we produce two-thirds of the world's supply. Within the present century Mexican oil attained superiority to all the other fields in the world combined except those of the United States, and then began a rapid decline; today Persia is producing as much as Mexico did a decade ago and promises to surpass her; and enthusiasts predict a like course for Venezuelan oil, which, like that of South Persia, is British-controlled. Two years ago the experts were bewailing the exhaustion of American oil; we were producing most of the oil, they said, but we had only 14 per cent of the world's reserves. Suddenly, the South California fields were developed, wholly unreckoned in previous estimates; and from threats of exhaustion we jumped into an era of "overproduction." Three or four years ago Standard Oil was fighting the great British oil trusts in every continent in the world, and had a law passed here barring British companies from American oil-fields unless every corner of the British Empire gave American companies equal rights with British; today the Standard has formed an alliance with the British trusts, and is fighting Harry Sinclair in Persia, Russia, and South America. Fiction could hardly be more fascinating and amazing than this story of oil, only half-known outside the oil companies and the banks that finance them, and hardly understood even by the men in the state departments and foreign offices who write the notes that are the outward, polite expression of the bitter oil wars.

Yet oil is only just beginning to have a literature of its own. Francis Delaisi peeked behind the diplomatic curtain in his "Oil: Its Influence on Politics" (Labour Publishing Company) in 1920. His was perhaps an over-dramatized account of the struggle of British and American oil interests, culminating in the smashing British victory in the San Remo agreement. Pierre de la Tramerye gives a fuller and more complete history of oil. His story stops in 1921, with the British, as he thought, "in exclusive possession of 90 to 97 per cent of the future world production of oil." Future production is not to be estimated so certainly; no one, really, knows much about it. And in these last few years the Standard has not been idle. No one, however, has told the story of the rise of oil and of the tremendous world struggle between the British and American trusts more comprehensively and objectively than this Frenchman, who has a pleasant cynicism about British and American trusts and about both governments. It never occurs to him that anyone would doubt or deny that Mr. Hughes does the Standard's bidding.

Scott Nearing's pamphlet gives an excellent brief résumé of the essential facts about oil. He is concerned with the effects of oil on the nations. More oil wars, he thinks, will follow, unless the control of oil is taken out of the hands of profiteers and put into the hands of international groups of producers—a sort of proletarian league of nations. Before that comes, however, oil will find itself controlled by an international alliance of capitalists. The great oil trusts are losing their national

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character. Stinnes and Sinclair and the Soviet Government seem to be allying in opposition to the British trusts and the Standard, aided by Charles E. Hughes. Persia is the most interesting battlefield today. Our Government has sent financial advisers to Persia; Harry Sinclair is negotiating for Persian oil from the Russian frontier; and the Standard and the Anglo-Persian share rights to a concession, granted in Czarist days to a Russian but canceled by the Soviet-Persian treaty of 1921.

Messrs. Davenport and Cooke are Englishmen, and see through British spectacles. Theirs are the spectacles, however, of the British oil companies rather than of the British Government. They want their Government to sell its interest in the Anglo-Persian, and set the oil companies free to chase profits without concern for imperial policy. Obviously they write from the inside. They have a vivid style reminiscent of Keynes at his best; the story of Mr. Hughes's fight for "American interests" in Mesopotamia, and how he subsided entirely when the British gave the Standard a share, ignoring all other "American interests," is a significant and revealing chapter in the economic history of American diplomacy. "The Oil Trusts" is the completest and most recent account of the world struggle for oil, well documented, and provided with a valuable appendix summarizing the oil resources of the world. The reader can redress the bias of the authors, who hope for a profiteers' alliance between British and American oil trusts to exploit the world. "Are the oil-fields of the world to lie dormant," they ask, "because the native inhabitants above prefer to graze their flocks, or turn a few sods for growing crops? It is not unreasonable to bring the diplomatic arts to bear upon countries with dog-in-the-manger policies which neither develop nor allow others to develop their oil resources." Those pleasant words, "diplomatic arts," used in such a connection reveal the sinister philosophy of Anglo-Saxon imperialism; but doubtless most Americans agree with it.

Dr. Jessen's pamphlet is a study of the interlocking directorates of the British oil interests as of 1920. Its fascinating colored charts provide a valuable graphic appendix to the more comprehensive works of the British and French authors.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

The Disinherited

Sembal. By Gilbert Cannan. Thomas Seltzer. $2.
The Dream. By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

LIKE everything else the novel of social discontent grows more complicated as it grows older. Time was when the mere terms radical and conservative were sufficient labels for characters, and the different members of the two groups were lumped together like the good and the bad or the pure and the impure in sentimental romance. Nowadays, however, we know that labels make strange bedfellows; that radicalism, for instance, draws into its ranks people of such diverse aims and characters that only the cohesion natural to a minority holds them together and that, in consequence, the study of the different kinds of radicalism is more fruitful and important than the more obvious confronting of the conservative and disruptive temperaments.

Everyone must have observed, for instance, that in general there are two sorts of radicals: one sort longs for the time when, thanks to the development of science and government, everybody will belong to the cultured and leisure class; while the other insists that in that blessed "time to come" nobody will. One group is interested in the more equitable distribution of wealth in the largest sense, and the other, so it seems at least to an unsympathetic eye, is more interested in the equitable distribution of poverty. The hatred with which the members of this second group speak of leisure, luxury, and wealth (*most excellent things in themselves*) and the passion with which they hope for their complete elimination seem to make them the modern representatives of the Puritans and to suggest Macaulay's hoary old paradox about those who opposed bear-baiting not because it gave pain to the bear but because it gave pleasure to the people. Having suffered so much and having been so completely deprived of the good things of life that they have lost even the appetite for them, they would strip existence of those superfluities which for most people alone make it worth enduring. In their Utopia labor will be continuous, art prima facie evidence of the crime of leisure, all recreation for some useful end and love—the last refuge of useless, irrational joy—deprived of its non-utilitarian functions by being confined to state-controlled stud-farms. The members of this class, which does exist and must be reckoned with, may properly be called the Disinherited. They have been deprived by the injustice of society of their heritage and they wish to destroy it.

Mr. Cannan's new novel—first of a promised series—has for its hero a young Jew with all the passion and inward disharmony of his race. Born in a London slum, he adds to the bitterness accumulated by a hundred generations of outcasts that distilled from his own experiences of want and humiliation, and the poison so corrupts his life that he is never at peace either with society or with himself. Mr. Cannan's method is sufficiently objective to make it somewhat difficult to say just how he evaluates the character which he so acutely and with so much originality analyzes, but to me his Sembal, a typical example of the Disinherited, seems to be tortured and twisted into a form so completely unlovely as to awaken only a pity tinged with disgust. Contemptuously patronized by a rich relative, Sembal manages to acquire a degree at the University of London, and he develops a "social consciousness" of the most savage sort. All capacity for enjoyment, all susceptibility to the pleasures of society or art is dead or dying of starvation. Because he himself was fed upon bread smeared with an onion he sees no reason why anyone else should have much more, and he looks forward with savage intensity to the revolution that will "eliminate" everything except machinery and the necessities of existence. Once when he was a starving child and was brought for the first time to the house of his patron, where the atmosphere was heavy with wealth, he had vomited upon the floor, and that nausea continues to overcome him always at the spectacle of any pleasure or any comfort. He has, when confronted with any sort of serenity, what Mr. Cannan acutely calls a "nostalgia for the Ghetto" and that nostalgia, it may be remarked in passing, seems somehow related to that temperamental need for suffering, lamentation, and self-torture which makes some of the characters of the Old Testament such unpleasant persons. Volcanic passion he has, and that passion is admirably communicated in a very tense book, but it is a passion which, again like that of the Old Testament, does nothing but consume the man who generates it. Mr. Cannan leaves his hero at the moment when, having failed completely to understand or be understood by his acquaintances among the English radicals, he is on the point of suffering an undesired absorption into the ranks of the money-making wing of his race. Doubtless his career will be developed in the next volume, but at the moment when we leave him even his conservative acquaintances seem to have the better of it: they at least know what they want and get some of it, whereas he knows only what he hates. An analysis of such a character is bound to be a little repellent, but the book is one of undoubted power and importance.

Mr. Wells's new romance tells of a superman who recounts to his friends a dream in which he lived through a life in the present century. This framework permits the apparently needless confusion, stupidity, and cruelty of our times to stand out in high relief. It goes without saying that Mr. Wells's Utopianism is of the sort exactly the reverse of Sembal's; most of the other things about the book also go without saying. One is not surprised to find that Mr. Wells's customary verve is continually in evidence, but neither is one surprised that this, his forty-ninth volume, does not reveal any new side to his mind.

J. W. KRUTCH

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A Philosopher of Liberalism

Pan-Europa. Von Richard N. Coudenhove-Kalergi. Wien: Pan-Europa Verlag.

Krise der Weltanschauung. Von Richard N. Coudenhove-Kalergi. Wien: Pan-Europa Verlag.

Adel. Von Richard N. Coudenhove-Kalergi. Wien: Pan-Europa Verlag.

IT is almost an old story now how the World War and the ensuing peace illustrated nothing so clearly as the desperate futility of that liberalism which was the chief note of the nineteenth century in both politics and philosophy. The peace left Europe red and white, and terror, whether communist or fascist, became familiar and expected. Moderates, democrats, liberals were left. But their voices had no power because they had no conviction. These men were the leaders of a cause confessedly lost. The best they could do was to exercise a negative function, to plead, however feebly, against the grossest excesses of the parties of the right and of the left. In their innermost minds they knew that they alone stood for reason, tolerance, peace. Their inner knowledge was without vision; their outer activity was without persuasiveness and even without tangible aim.

This situation has been changed by the efforts of a notable personality, a thinker both intrepid and profound. I do not know the present membership of the Pan-European Union founded by Dr. Coudenhove-Kalergi; I do not think that its immediate numerical membership matters. What is abundantly clear is that Dr. Coudenhove has made a neo-liberalism possible in Europe, that his political vision arises from an ethical and therefore a metaphysical view of the totality of things, that in it are persuasiveness, hope, power.

He dismisses the accusation of Utopianism at once by the final and sufficient appeal to history which proves that every great reform in human affairs began as one solitary thinker's dream. Utopia becomes reality as soon as it is the Utopia of a great number of powerful personalities. We can build the City of God—by building it. The layer of the first stone is a Utopian, of the ten-thousandth as likely as not a "practical statesman."

Dr. Coudenhove rightly traces the present downfall of Europe to causes that, broadly speaking, are philosophical in their character. Christendom existed by and through an identification of the religious and scientific view of the universe. The enlightenment destroyed that identity. The modern world of science and invention, of enormous material wealth and material complications had therefore, properly speaking, no *Weltanschauung*, no ethos at all, no binding principle, and hence proceeded, under the false guise of democracy, in fact amid the scramble of rival voracities, to destroy itself. Solitary thinkers, Goethe, Nietzsche, socialists and pacifists, sowed the seeds of a new philosophy and a new order. But until material disaster overtook Europe these seeds did not germinate. War and wealth ruled; a false notion of honor, both personal and national; on the one hand complete cynicism, on the other a faith in discarded myths.

What is needed, then, to rebuild this falling world is first its grounding in new ethical conceptions: the substitution of human honor for the feudal honor of the tyrant and murderer; the recognition of form and power in place of the Manichaean antithesis of body and soul; the notion of virtue as consisting in the attainment of the highest specific beauty through action, the greatest possible heightening of life and love. I shall not go into the details of Dr. Coudenhove's philosophy. It will suffice, after this statement of some of its fundamental concepts, to add that he is an absolute pacifist, a socialist, and yet an undeviating believer in aristocracy—in the necessity for qualitative leadership.

"The aristocracy of feudalism is in decay," he writes; "the aristocracy of the spirit is barely emerging. The interregnum is called democratic; it has been in fact the empire of the pseudo-aristocracy of money." He welcomes the Russian experiment in so far as it illustrates the political creative power of a small body of intellectual aristocrats, and finds the union in leadership of Lenin, son of the minor landed nobility of Russia, and Trotzky, Jewish intellectual, reformer, and internationalist, symbolic and prophetic of the world of his vision. In that Europe of the future, of the immediate future, he hopes, the wisest children of the old aristocracy, stripping themselves, as he has done, of title, power, arrogance, will unite with the pacifist, prophetic, internationalist sons of Israel, to heal the present wounds that afflict both the body and the soul of mankind. From this union there can arise a polity that can be truly noble, since it will blend the paganism of Goethe with the teachings of the Jew Jesus—it will both love beauty and practice goodness.

In the realm of practical politics Dr. Coudenhove's ideas are definite and fruitful. What he sees actually emerging in the present world is the federative tendency of states. The British Empire is a federation, so is the Soviet Republic, so will Pan-America ultimately be. The salvation of Europe must come by ceasing from internecine warfare and adopting the federative idea for itself. Hence within Europe the immediate aim must be the reconciliation of Germany and France, in Central Europe of the Germans and Czechs. Dr. Coudenhove is himself a German and hopes to see a neutralized Vienna the capital of the new Pan-European federation. But he stands, as few men do, above nations and races, he stands at the pure center of human thought and effort. His voice is one of the most heartening of our distracted age. The robbers and warriors of the world will call him an unpractical fool, the myth-mongers a blasphemer, the anti-Semites a traitor to his blood. These accusations are, of course, but the marks of his creative and prophetic character. We need not despair of Europe while an increasing number of men and women hear his voice and work in the spirit of his teachings.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Prepare! Prepare!

Days of Delusion. By Clara Endicott Sears. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

IT was a lucky prophet who foretold the end of the world in the year 1843, for that year was signalized by a comet of remarkable brilliancy. William Miller, of New York State, had a system that foretold the exact date of the second advent, and that date was presaged by the famous reign of fire, or falling stars of 1833, and confirmed not only by the comet of a decade later, but by the exceptionally wonderful solar haloes of that year.

The system itself was pure bosh. As one critic put it:

> Behold how clearly it is shown by four methods of calculation that the world is doomed to destruction in Anno Domini 1843! The calculation and results will surely be undeniable *if* days in prophecy are always to be computed as years, and *if* a time signifies 360 years, and *if* the assumed references are correct, and *if* the dates are all right, and so on to the end of the chapter of contingences.

In a word, William Miller was a prophet who was not afraid of keeping off the premises. He supposed this, and he supposed that. In spite of the age of Methuselah he was willing to suppose that a day meant a year, and that the prophet Daniel was not looking around at contemporary events but looking forward into the far future. So Miller propounded the theory that by adding up such dates as the rebuilding of Jerusalem, and the setting up of the "abomination of desolations," or Papal Civil Rule, anyone could arrive at the date of the end of the world as 1843. There are three other ways of bringing about the same calculation. But what is a calculation between friends, so long as they follow Mark

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Twain's prescription for writing history: "First get your facts, then distort them to suit yourself"?

Now Miller gained his followers not only because Yankees were fond of figuring, but also because they were fond of the very antithesis of arithmetic, namely, allegory. They could turn to the Millerite "Midnight Cry" and behold great wonders in the heavens, such as the Beast with Seven Heads, and the Great Red Dragon, the latter in turn having seven crowns, signifying the successive forms of Roman government—senatorial, consular, imperial, and so on. H. G. Wells's "Outline of History" cannot hold a candle to this easy way of learning history, for Miller's charts throw light not only on the past, but on the future. Thus "the Great Red Dragon's tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven and did cast them to the earth." Now as the said dragon was a sign of the end of all things, and as the stars of heaven fell to the earth in 1833, ergo, let sinners beware, and let the Saints prepare their ascensions robes.

"Days of Delusion" is called "a strange bit of history." The Millerite craze was certainly that. Convinced by the prophet's calculation, stirred by the pictures of horrible beasts, and hypnotized by the *Millennial Harp*—which sounded the alarm of "the waking up of nations, Gog and Magog to the fray"—sober and thrifty Yankees flocked to the camp-meetings and literally sold their farms for a song. Some even gave away their goods, others smashed their furniture, and all seemed possessed to get rid of all earthly possessions save the ascension robe, which the best people considered the only appropriate garb for the coming event.

Such were the Yankee notions of the early forties. How the people were worked up to them may be seen from a sample sermon of Miller's chief spokesman, Elder Joshua V. Himes:

> My friends!—the Day of the Lord is at hand!—and when it cometh you and I shall pass into another state of being—a being of eternal glory or eternal torment! *Believe it! Believe it!* It cometh suddenly, in an instant of time, all things continuing as they were up to the very instant of the bursting in of the Lord upon the world. You are gazing along the sky—you see a lightning light along it—*it is the Lord!* You are speaking to your wife or your child by the fireside—an awful thunder breaks upon you—*it is the Lord!* You are sleeping in your bed—you hear a fearful crash—*it is the Lord!* You are awake in an hour of midnight darkness—you behold a fearful stream of brightness blaze upon you—*it is the Lord!* You are riding in the cars, or upon your horse, or buying in the market, or working in the field, or busied in your garden, or looking over your accounts, or getting bread for your family, or eating it with them, or reading a book—you feel the earth tremble with a fearful shaking under your feet—*it is the Lord!* You go to the door to meet a mother, a brother, or a friend—*you meet the Lord!* Awful day! Awful coming!—"Prepare to meet your God!" Prepare to meet His day! Prepare to meet His judgment! Prepare! Prepare!

Clara Endicott Sears gives a most interesting and vivid picture of those troublous times, with their incredible superstitions and the usual aftermath of emotional religious excitement, such as the breaking up of families, bankruptcy, and insanity. Miller's followers were numbered by the thousands. The movement extended from Maine to Georgia, and as far west as Kansas, but the most violent symptoms appeared in Boston and its vicinity. Whittier, the Quaker poet, gave a mildly sarcastic account of the "Fireeaters" who declared that all the saints who accepted the teachings of the prophet and were prepared would enter the kingdom in April next—all others would be burned to a cinder by an avenging God.

"Days of Delusion" offers much valuable material to a student of the rise and decline of religious cults in America. It lacks, however, a certain historic perspective. Similar adventist views were held a generation before Miller's day by the Campbellites with their *Millennial Harbinger*. Now the Campbellites were partly responsible for the proud title of our friends the Mormons, or "Latter-Day Saints," as they prefer to call themselves. The latter days seem a long way off. They generally do when business is prospering. But the Salt Lake Saints with their *Millennial Star* never staked all their money on one number, such as the famous '43, when the Millerite Saints were to ascend with such vigor as to take the roof off their Boston tabernacle.

This book has but a slight historic background. Its merit lies chiefly in its collection of anecdotes. One will bear repetition. Theodore Parker and Ralph Waldo Emerson were approached by a fanatic Millerite. The latter thought it his duty to warn them of the momentous event of which they appeared so unconscious. So he walked up to them in an excited manner and said: "Gentlemen!—do you *know—do you realize* that the world is coming to an end today?" Mr. Parker said: "It does not concern *me*, for I live in Boston." And Mr. Emerson answered: "The end of the world does not affect me; I can get along without it."

WOODBRIDGE RILEY

Opium

The Ethics of Opium. By Ellen N. La Motte. The Century Company. $1.75.

FOR many years Miss La Motte has made an intensive study of the opium situation from its international aspects, until today she has become an authority on this difficult and highly complex subject. In this, her most recent book, she presents the problem as it exists today in the producing and consuming countries of the world. She reviews the producing countries in which opium is raised—India, China, Persia, and Turkey. It is Indian opium which supplies the so-called "opium-consuming countries" of the Far East, where it is sold through licensed shops under the control of colonial governments, and consumed either by eating or smoking. For each of these colonies she gives careful and accurate statistics as to consumption, the revenues derived from this consumption, and compares this opium revenue with the total revenue and expenditure of each country. The whole presents a striking collection of data, drawn from official documentary sources. This careful attention to detail, with footnotes citing authority for each statement, gives the book a unique value and makes it of great importance to anyone who wishes to become familiar with the opium problem. We see opium used to enhance the revenues of colonies, and Miss La Motte shows us to what extent the roots of this traffic strike deep into the economic strata of these colonies and why it will be difficult to eradicate them.

Country by country, with relentless clarity and definite statement, the whole situation is laid before us. We see Persia, a country which produces the richer opium used by the manufacturer to make into morphia, with her opium revenues pledged as security for a foreign loan; we see Siam, a consuming country, so bound by treaties that she cannot levy import duties on opium and so tax it out of the country; we see China, the helpless victim of a century of exploitation, still unable to free herself from outside interference, and now raising opium again in sheer despair of ever improving her condition. If, as most of us believe, the only way to end the opium evil is to strike at the source, i.e., production, this book presents a clear exposition of what production means to all these Oriental countries; the reasons for maintaining this production at a high level, and the obstacles—such as financial interests—which make efforts to reduce this output a most difficult question.

No one interested in the drug problem in America can understand our domestic difficulties without some understanding of the situation in the Orient. The two are interlocked. Production, to satisfy the Orient, means an overflow which leaks out into the West.

Miss La Motte has confined her researches to the Far

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East, and has not gone into the question of the manufacture of alkaloids in Europe or America. And though this question of alkaloids is one that affects us, we must first understand what is going on today in the Far East. Here the question is presented clearly and precisely. And, curiously enough, although full of statistics, the book makes anything but dry reading—an achievement difficult to attain.

STEPHEN G. PORTER

A Survey of Human Logicality

The Psychology of Reasoning. By Eugenio Rignano. Translated by Winifred A. Holl. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.50.

WHILE readily interested in intelligence as a going concern—much as we accept the benefits of science without insight or enthusiasm for the "pure" research from which all such blessings flow—we remain indifferent to speculations as to its nature and source. Just what measure and manner of a rational creature man is by nature and has taught himself to become by the schooling of experience and the uninviting discipline of logic is a most pertinent and by no means unprofitable inquiry. Professor Rignano's treatment of the problem is attractive and comprehensive. Reasoning, he maintains, is inherent in the biological situation; it is an evolutionary mechanism for meeting needs. Consequently, its psychology derives from the prelogical stages of need-meeting responses. With them it shares an affective determination. The emotional drive inheres; pain and pleasure teach; interest follows desire; men do and think about what they care for; feeling spurs will and sets the pace and trend of intelligence. Life registers and memory trails as disposition; attention selects and makes experience what the organism by original or acquired nature attends to; curiosity is the affective name of the intellectual instinct. The rest is elaboration.

The steps are fairly clear. To emerge from the limitation of the present, sensory, immediate stimulation; to reach the stage in which "out of sight" is not "out of mind" is already a fair, even a far, advance. Habit or decision is held in suspense; caution and doubt arise. But chiefly under the affective push of curiosity, of prying and trying, of error and chance-success, the embryonic logician bungles through. He reaches human estate when he experiments in thought instead of with things, solves situations in his mind's eye or on paper, anticipating—more significantly—broadening his control and reach of behavior. This step focuses upon the essential mechanism—the symbol: the part for the whole, the idea for the thing, or in the quantitative evolution from fingers to stones, to tallies, to numbers, to x's and y's, and all the mysteries of higher mathematics. This aspect of the procedure has been challenged: Can one by taking thought add to one's mental stature? Is deduction an ingenious lifting oneself up by one's bootstraps? The psychological answer is "yes" and "no." Making the implicit explicit, the vague clear, the meaningless significant, the chaotic orderly, is helpful and each in its *metier* confers the benefit of control; and tools are amazingly useful extensions of the hands that alone can fashion and use them.

Yet the more intricate and the more engaging phases of human rationality appear only when the data move toward and in the shifting sphere of socialized human problems, facing the psychological battery of affective forces. The mystic, the aesthetic, the consoling; prejudice, prestige, established interests, cherished goals: all divert the mind on convictions bent from the straight and narrow path of logic. There is abundant logical weakness: sophistry, fallacy, specious shuffling, hasty generalization, feeble analogy abound without limitation of time or place. From Athens to Boston, or Boeotia to Main Street, the same practices persist. But humanity is fortunately diverse, and there is a saving minority; and the critical voice of truth is not quite lost in the wilderness, nor yet broadcasted by radio; also the types of men divide according to their logical predilections.

Professor Rignano's survey proceeds eclectically, yet ever suggestively. It includes an excursion into the pathology of reasoning by way of the dream with its characteristic departure from canonical or experiential logic, toward the extravagance of the paranoiac, the flightiness of the maniac, the confusion of the stricken, and the incoherence of the degenerating brain. In such aberrations he traces his chief principle of interpretation, sending the spotlight upon the affective process; the distorted thinking of the unbalanced mind is due to loss of emotional poise. Reasoning in its decay as in its origin plays a second part to emotion, though the lines and the plot follow the idiom of thought. We rationalize conduct not only to secure the prestige or the solace of rationality but for the ready articulation of the urges that keep life going. The emphasis is timely and fits the temper of modern psychology. Reasoning is a compromise between the claims of reality and the invitations of desire; it applies to the integral calculus and the paranoiac delusion. "It is a mad world, my masters," or at least a foolish one, because the human mind is and will remain imperfectly rationalized, and that because it is too heavily emotionalized. Yet there is no reason for despair or dismay or even depression. Thinking is far more interesting and the human scene more diversified because of the twin rooting of human thought in psychology and logic.

JOSEPH JASTROW

Books in Brief

The Education of Ernest Wilmerding. By Edward Chichester Wentworth. Covici-McGee Company. $2.

Like "Bunk," this book was written by a successful business man to criticize industrialism. Unlike "Bunk," it is amateurish, labored, and prosy. To convert a radical in Chicago of the 1880's seems to have required endless abstract discussion, heart-searching, and recourse to William Morris. Ernest Wilmerding's readers are spared neither the agony nor the uplift.

Deutsche und Englische Gedichte. Von Friedrich Michel. Deutscher Gesellig-Wissenschaftlicher Verein.

This little volume is the final memorial to a man whose singular beauty of character endeared him to many of the best men and women among his contemporaries on two continents. Michel was a friend of peace and of mankind, of freedom and tolerance, of art and thought. The testimony to the fineness of his spirit is to be found not only in the record of his public activities, but in the grateful memory of hundreds whom he befriended and encouraged in the hours of their need. His poetry, which is better represented in his volume "Asraklänge" than in this posthumous volume, suffered like most German-American poetry from uncritical facility and imitativeness. But at least half a dozen times—"Jetzt Nicht—Noch Nicht," "Ich," "Am Glück Vorbei"—he succeeded in achieving both poetic concentration of substance and perfection of contour. These verses of his will have to be included in any adequate collection of German verse written in America.

Realities and Shams. By L. P. Jacks. George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

Wisdom unites with humor and both with an incisive yet gracious style to make these essays pleasant reading. And not merely pleasant but very salutary to those of us—and that is to say most of us—who have fed our spirits with causes and beliefs which by Dr. Jacks's tests are not realities but shams. Neither the roots of life nor the hope for a new world lies in mass voting, the political state, or in a League of Nations which is a league of political states. These things the author criticizes from a fresh and undogmatic standpoint.

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International Relations Section

Is Austria Rehabilitated?

By HEINRICH KANNER

(The League Council, at its June session, refused to free Austria from League supervision, warned it that further economies were necessary, but appointed a commission to go to Austria to study the advisability of increasing its budget.)

Vienna, May 16

TWO years ago the League of Nations set up a rehabilitation program for Austria. The Austrian Minister of Finance, Dr. Keinböck, has deviated from the program; and the General Commissioner, Dr. Zimmermann, appointed by the League to supervise the execution of the program, has protested, so that the question goes to the League Council for decision.

Meanwhile the Finance Minister can claim a certain outward success for his policy. The latest figures surprisingly show that the deficit has vanished from the balance-sheet and that since November, 1923, Austria has actually been operating with a surplus. The League program did not anticipate such a result until the end of the second year of rehabilitation—the end of 1924.

But has the permanently balanced budget which was the aim of the Geneva program been attained? Strictly speaking, one cannot call a budget permanently balanced except after a considerable period of years, and since the entire rehabilitation program covers only two years, and for only fourteen months are the accounts available, it is too early to do more than guess at the prospects.

The balance was reached chiefly by enormous increases in the income of the state. The estimated income seemed improbably great; but the reality has exceeded the improbability. The actual income is 25 per cent greater than that required by the rehabilitation program. On the other hand, the limitation of expenditures has remained from 3 to 4 per cent behind the program; 92 per cent of the deficit was wiped out by increasing income, and only 8 per cent by economies. That is the doubtful point about the success of the rehabilitation. All taxes, duties, prices of state monopoly products, and similar charges have been tremendously increased, and the longer these burdens last the harder they bear on the entire population. Hence all the common necessities of daily life have gone up in price at a rate which has amazed even pessimists. Thus, without fiscal inflation, the old vicious circle threatens to set in again. Already the workers, pointing to the rise in prices, are demanding increased pay. The bank employees have conducted a costly three weeks' strike, and won part of their demands. The factory clerks and workers are still negotiating with their employers; a few firms have already had strikes. The government employees, postal, telegraph, and telephone workers are already looming on the scene, and if their demands are granted the newly won balance of the budget would be endangered. Then, if the state repeated its method—increased taxes—prices would rise again, and new wage increases would be called for. The same rule holds in private enterprises; higher wages mean higher production costs, and so higher prices. This was more than a technical deviation from the rehabilitation program. If the program had been followed there would have been more limitation of expenditures, more employees would have been dismissed, and more offices sacrificed; and thus consumption would have been decreased. The hardships of those discharged would have tended to lessen demand and to lower prices. The endless spiral would not have been set in motion, and the budget might have been balanced without causing such a rise in prices as to make it impossible to regard the balance as permanent.

Furthermore, the finances of the state can hardly be set right unless the economic position of the nation is sound. The Vienna Stock Exchange has been passing through a crisis which in greater or less degree affects every part of the economic organism. The rehabilitation led to a general rise in values, which brought much foreign capital into Austria. New industries were founded; the capital stock of old stock companies was increased. Stocks were inflated. In the winter the public showed itself incapable of absorbing all the new stock. Some of it remained in the vaults of the banks of emission and of the banking syndicates, depressing all stock prices. The business of the Stock Exchange stagnated, and the Government, never oversympathetic to mobile capital, took measures which accentuated the collapse of business. Speculators looked about for more profitable fields and thought the falling franc a good opportunity. The newly rich who had made money out of the fall of the mark and the krone, but knew little of finance and less of politics, thought that they could force the franc to follow the same route as the Central European currencies. They failed, and in order to cover their losses in francs they threw masses of Vienna stocks on the market. There were no Austrian buyers. But some of the foreign capital invested in Austria was alarmed and withdrew its aid, called in its credits, and sold its paper. Panic followed; in the midst of the rout the Government interfered, provided money for the banks to buy paper, and finally mastered the situation, at least temporarily.

Ordinarily stock-market fluctuations merely effect rearrangements of wealth within a country; what one citizen loses another wins. But in this case most of what was lost in the speculation in francs was lost to foreigners. Even if the rumored total of these losses be exaggerated they are nevertheless real losses to Austria. And the withdrawal of foreign capital made this country, always poor in capital, still poorer. The legal interest rate was raised from 5 or 6 to 10 or 12 per cent, and the industries which often had to pay 30 per cent and more to the banks are still harder put in the present period of distrust and trouble. The number of bankruptcies, not merely in the stock market but in all branches of industry, is rising. Of course this weeds out the weaker economic organisms, but it is a harsh process.

This decline in Austria's general economic situation naturally will cause a decline in tax payments and hinder the rehabilitation process. But it cannot be denied that public opinion in Austria has taken a decisive turn for the better. The talk of Austria's incapacity for existence which once dominated public discussion has ceased. The old panacea of Austria's annexation to Germany has dropped out of practical politics, especially since Germany has slipped into a political and economic crisis worse than Austria's. Austria still has many problems to solve, but Austria is no longer a problem. The rehabilitation must and will go on. The Finance Minister owes his good for-

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tune rather to the accident of a period of economic prosperity than to effective reduction of expenses. The prosperity has gone, and he must reckon on smaller revenues. Unless drastic economies are made the budget will not stay balanced. The events of recent weeks have proved that the plans of the League of Nations and of its general commissioner were wiser than the opportunist contrivings of the Minister of Finance.

When, in February, 1923, I ventured in the columns of *The Nation* to criticize the methods of the Austrian Government in the early stages of the rehabilitation, insisting that greater economies would be necessary, the President of the Austrian Republic took the unusual step of sending a protest against my article to *The Nation*. Heads of states do not usually reply to mere journalists, Dr. Hainisch least of all. I feel it my right to recall, a year later, his attack, and to point out that events have abundantly justified me.

National Minorities in Poland

THE question of the position and rights of the national minorities in Poland has been the object of diplomatic correspondence recently exchanged by the Russian Government and the Government of Poland. In his note of May 10 addressed to the Polish Government, Commissar of Foreign Affairs Chicherin charged that the persecution of national minorities in Poland was in direct violation of the provisions of the Riga peace treaty between Soviet Russia and Poland. The note reads in part:

By Article VII of the Riga treaty Poland is obliged to guarantee to persons of Russian, Ukrainian, and White Russian nationality the free development of their culture and language, and religious freedom. Materials and facts in possession of the People's Commissariat of Foreign Affairs show that all guaranties provided by the treaty of Riga in relation to the national minorities are systematically violated by the Polish authorities. . . . The wholesale persecutions of national minorities have become so systematic that the press of the national minorities is making an apparently paradoxical demand for the complete repeal of those articles of the constitution by which the national minorities are guaranteed equal rights with the Polish population. The reason advanced for this demand is the fact that these articles . . . serve only to mislead the national minorities as well as public opinion abroad. . . . On more than one occasion prominent representatives of the central authorities of the Polish republic have declared . . . that the true master of Poland is the Polish people alone, while in its relation to the non-Polish population Poland is bound by international treaties and its constitution only to insure their security and their peaceful and free development.

Thus a full third of the citizens of the Polish republic . . . are declared to be limited in their rights as compared with the privileged Polish population. . . . It is easy to imagine the influence of such statements made by the highest authorities upon the middle and lower administrative authorities, especially upon the police. . . .

It would be impossible to give a full account of the persecution and mockery to which persons belonging to the national minorities are subjected. . . . The police terror which is maintained in the White Russian borderland and in Eastern Galicia keeps the population of these provinces in constant fear. Moreover, violence and oppression show no signs of subsiding but, on the contrary, they are becoming wholesale and regular. After the elections to the Diet the Polish authorities made a great number of arrests as a form of repression directed against the national minorities for their participation in the elections. . . .

On April 12, 1923, a squadron of the Twenty-fourth Uhlans regiment under the command of Antoniewicz arrived in the village Buchnow, in the district of Tarnopol, for the purpose of punishing some of the people who participated in the election campaign. . . .

In December, 1922, a punitive expedition of 300 soldiers with machine-guns was sent to the Krupitsk village in the Dubno district. The soldiers and the police subjected the people to a terrible beating. A contribution of 300,000 marks was demanded from the village. . . . (The note goes on to cite a number of similar instances.)

The police authorities declared quite openly that they had detailed instructions to look after all election workers of the national minorities and the latter have been threatened with arrest. Afterward these threats were carried out. . . . A number of political trials and interpellations by deputies of the national minorities in the Diet furnish documentary proof of the extent of the terrible tortures practiced in the police stations and in the cells of the secret service. . . .

In their attempts to Polonize the eastern borderlands and Eastern Galicia the Polish authorities resort to the method of billeting troops among the civilian population. The Polish soldiers stationed in these provinces are mostly natives of central Poland and they look upon the provinces as barbaric countries conquered "with their blood," the population of which may be treated without respect. . . . These Polish soldiers give little heed to the obligations assumed by the Polish Government in relation to the national minorities. . . .

The colonial policy of the Polish Government in the eastern borderlands and in Eastern Galicia is carried out also through the method of so-called settling. The free land in these provinces is granted to ex-soldiers and officers of the Polish army. The settlers form a close body of men hostile to the native population. This policy leads to acts of revenge on the part of the native peasants . . . who, of course, pay for their acts in a most terrific manner. The atmosphere of mutual hatred breeding murder and arson is a result of this policy of the Polish authorities.

The practice of the Polish authorities in regard to the orthodox church in Poland proves that the principle of non-interference in the affairs and life of the church and of religious societies provided by Paragraph 2 of Article VII of the peace treaty is no more than a paper provision. In reality, violence, confiscations, destruction of religious monuments are everyday occurrences in the practice of the Polish authorities. These facts have become so appalling that even the White guard émigré press which is in sympathy with the principles upon which the present Polish state is based systematically records with bitterness and dismay the instances of unheard-of persecutions against the orthodox church in Poland. . . . (The note goes on to describe a number of confiscations and destruction of churches and church equipment without regard to the artistic and archaeological value of some of it.) . . .

The colonial policy of the Polish Government in the provinces of White Russia and Eastern Galicia is not limited to settling these lands with Polish ex-soldiers and to open repressions against the national minorities. The Polish Government is attempting to subject to its influence the intellectual life of the national minorities as well. Everywhere Ukrainian and White Russian schools are being closed down with the result of growing illiteracy. In the district of Novogrudok the village public schools have all been closed down except one. In the province of Grodno only one school remained out of the 153 which had existed there before. In the province of Vilna only thirty-six schools remained out of 200. In the provinces of Polessia and Volhynia all Ukrainian schools were shut down. . . .

In the schools and children's homes children of orthodox parents are brought up in the Roman Catholic faith and sent to Catholic churches. This is taking place in the province of Kholm, in the district of Rovno, etc. The demands of the representatives of the national minorities in the Diet to pre-

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serve and enlarge the school system in the White Russian provinces and in Eastern Galicia are left without any reply.

A similar attitude has been assumed by the Polish authorities toward the press of the national minorities. Frequently Ukrainian and White Russian newspapers are confiscated for printing news which has already appeared in the Polish press. . . . The systematic confiscations of the newspapers of the national minorities has compelled the latter to issue one-day publications which are, however, subjected to the same fate. Even books published by the clubs of the deputies of the national minorities in the Diet are being confiscated. During a short period of time the following newspapers have been closed down: *White Russian Bell, Our Future, New Life, People's Will, Our Banner, Free Banner.* In 1923 the following books issued by the White Russian national club were confiscated: "What is Liberation from a White Russian Viewpoint," notwithstanding the fact that practically the whole text of the book had previously appeared in the newspapers and that the incriminating parts, as pointed out by the prosecution, had been eliminated. The report of the first trial of White Russians in Bialystok was confiscated . . . for its "general tendency" and its "criticism of the state." . . .

It would occupy too much time and space to enumerate the methods of persecution and oppression of the national minorities by the Polish authorities. It is sufficiently evident that in all fields of the national life of the White Russians and Ukrainians within the borders of the Polish republic the Polish authorities have openly demonstrated their unwillingness to carry out the obligations which Poland took upon itself by the peace treaty of Riga.

In its note of July 29, 1922, the Government of the RSFSR drew the attention of the Polish Government to the fact that it had been ignoring the provisions of Article VII of the Riga treaty. Today the Union Government is compelled to remind the Polish Government that strict observance of Article VII of the Riga treaty is an indispensable condition for the establishment of the neighborly relations which are necessary for both peoples. . . .

The Polish reply to this note, which was published in the Moscow press of May 27, reads as follows:

The Polish Government regrets to be compelled to declare that it cannot recognize the contents of the aforementioned note as a basis for discussion. Without taking up the specific accusations made in this note where Article VII of the Riga treaty is used as a pretext, the Polish Government rejects them emphatically as an attempt to interfere in the internal affairs of the Polish republic. The Polish Government also resents strongly the unwarranted and, in diplomatic relations, unheard-of criticism of declarations made by the President of the Polish republic and higher Polish officials in matters which do not concern the relations between Poland and the USSR.

Besides, the Polish Government cannot help but express its surprise that the Government of the Union takes upon itself a defense of civil liberties and religious freedom among the national minorities in Poland when, at the same time, on the territory of the Union, the citizens both of the national minorities and of the majorities of the several allied republics are deprived of these liberties.

In view of the above the Polish Government is compelled to declare that in future all groundless and inadmissible representations of the Soviet Government with reference to Article VII of the Riga treaty will be left without any reply whatever.

The Polish Government assumes the liberty to point out to the Soviet Government that normal relations between Poland and the Union, which the Polish Government wants in no less degree than the Soviet Government, may be reached not through the presentation of groundless pretenses but only through the loyal and strict observance of all mutual obligations provided by the Riga treaty.

In answer to this the Soviet Government declared in its note of May 23:

The Union Government emphatically denies the allegation that the note of May 10 is an attempt to interfere in the internal affairs of the Polish republic. That note was based upon the fact that the Polish Government has not been loyal in carrying out Article VII of the Riga treaty. . . . The unheard-of persecutions of the language, schools, and religion of the Russians, Ukrainians, and White Russians cited in the aforementioned note of May 10 are based upon material, still far from exhausted, in the possession of the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs. These facts are not denied in the note of the Polish Government, which serves only as an additional proof of the accuracy of the representations made by the Union Government.

The contention of the Polish Government that the interference of the Government of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics in behalf of the violated rights of the national minorities in Poland which are guaranteed by the above-mentioned Article VII of the Riga treaty is an interference in the internal affairs of the Polish republic is contradictory to the text and spirit of Article VII, which gives the Union Government the formal right to protect the rights of the national minorities through demands upon the Polish Government for the exact observance of the article.

At the same time the Union Government indignantly rejects the groundless statement of the Polish Government that on the territory of the Union the citizens both of the minority and the majority are deprived of civil liberties as well as of the freedom of religious service.

The Polish Government is well aware that the Soviet constitution as well as the practiced national policy of the Union Government guarantee the fullest freedom of national and cultural development to all peoples living on the territory of the USSR. This statement of the Polish Government, which has no legal ground in the treaties between the two countries, is an undisguised interference in the internal affairs of the Union.

The declaration of the Polish Government that in the future it will pay no attention to pretentions which the Union Government may advance on the basis of Article VII of the Riga treaty must be regarded by the Union Government only as proof that in the opinion of the Polish Government not all articles of the Riga treaty are to be observed. The Union Government takes note of this opinion.

The Strength of the Russian Communist Party

AT the thirteenth convention of the Russian Communist Party held in Moscow during the last week of May the representative of the Central Committee, M. Stalin, made public the figures (summarized below) showing the numerical strength and the strength by organizations of the ruling party and its influence in the various mass organizations of the working population:

At the time of the twelfth convention the Russian Communist Party numbered 485,000 members. At present there are 600,000 members, including those recently accepted as a result of the membership drive which was initiated after the death of Lenin. Up to the day of the convention the number of new members admitted was 128,000. Since there have been about 80,000 more new members on the list for admission during the succeeding two weeks, the present numerical strength of the party is put at about 680,000 members.

Of the total membership on May 1, 1924, there were 55.4 per cent workers, 23 per cent peasants, and the rest, officials and others. The percentage of workers has increased during the succeeding weeks, since the newly admitted are chiefly persons engaged in factory work.

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The Union of Communist Youth had 317,000 members last year. At present the membership has increased to 570,000. Of this membership workers comprise 41 per cent, peasants 40 per cent. Forty-seven thousand members are students of professional factory schools.

The trade unions have a membership of 5,000,000 as against 4,300,000 in the last year. In the twelve basic industries 92 per cent of the workers are organized in the unions.

The consumers' cooperatives had 5,000,000 members last year, and increased their membership to 7,000,000. However, as M. Stalin points out, these figures must be taken with reservations since the statistics in this field have been rather confusing. The actual number of members is probably somewhat less than those quoted. The influence of Communists in the cooperatives is shown by their strength in the central and local managements—amounting to 86 per cent in the leading cooperative organs. Among the workers of the cooperatives 26 per cent are Communists.

In the army the number of Communists is 52,000. The Communists comprise 18 per cent of the commanding force of the army.

During the last year there has been a considerable growth in social and cultural organizations. The number of such organizations at present is over 300. Chief among these is the organization of physical culturists which has a membership of 375,000. The centers of this organization are mostly the factory committees and factory workers' clubs and the peasant mutual aid societies in the villages. Other important organizations are those of the workers' correspondents with a membership of 25,000 and village correspondents with a membership of 5,000. In the provincial centers of these organizations the Communists comprise 29 per cent of the membership.

The "Pioneer" organization (Communist scouts) increased its membership from 75,000 last year to 161,000 in 1924. In the industrial provinces this organization is made up of 71 per cent of children of factory workers and 7 per cent of children of peasants. In the autonomous provinces children of workers make up 38 per cent of the organization. In the agricultural provinces 36 per cent of the organization are peasant children.

The participation of Communists in the government offices and in industrial management is shown in the following figures: In the leading government offices the number of Communists was 83 per cent in 1923 and 86 per cent in 1924. In the office staff of the industrial trusts the number of Communists has grown from 6 per cent in 1923 to 10 per cent in 1924. In the leading organs of the trusts, syndicates, and big enterprises Communists constitute 52 per cent of the staff against 47 per cent in 1923. Among the directors of the big industrial enterprises there are 61 per cent Communists against 31 per cent in 1923.

In the soviets the Communists are represented as follows: In the village soviets—7 per cent as against 6 per cent in 1923; in the volost (county) soviets—48 per cent (39 per cent in 1923); in the ooyezd (district) soviets—87 per cent (80 per cent in 1923); in the city soviets in provincial centers—71 per cent (78 per cent in 1923).

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